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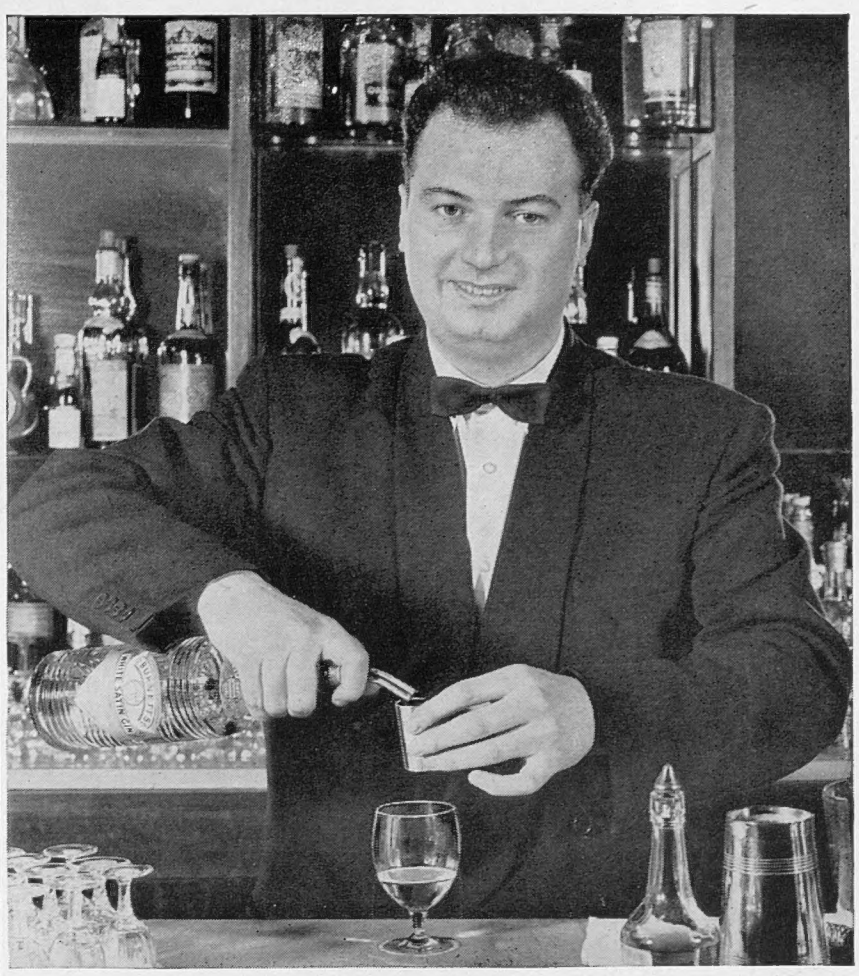

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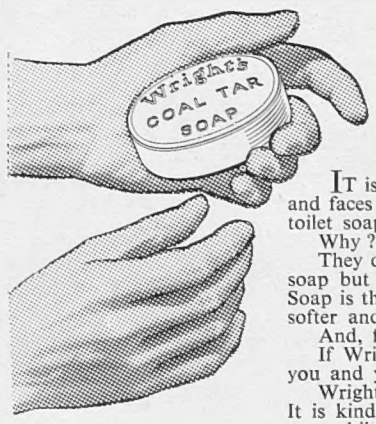

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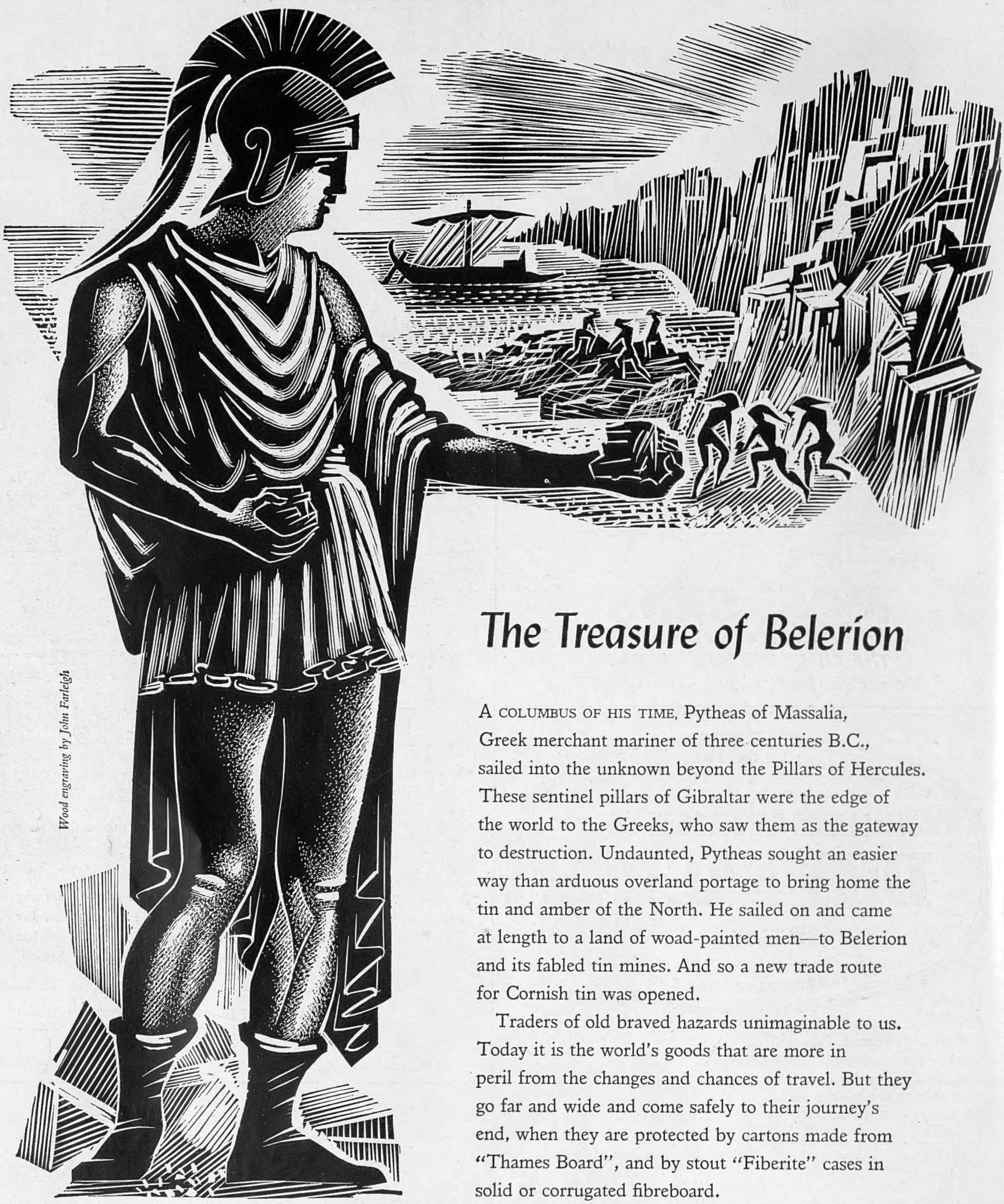

Wood engraving by John Farleigh

The Treasure of Belerion

A COLUMBUS OF HIS TIME, Pytheas of Massalia, Greek merchant mariner of three centuries B.C., sailed into the unknown beyond the Pillars of Hercules. These sentinel pillars of Gibraltar were the edge of the world to the Greeks, who saw them as the gateway to destruction. Undaunted, Pytheas sought an easier way than arduous overland portage to bring home the tin and amber of the North. He sailed on and came at length to a land of woad-painted men—to Belerion and its fabled tin mines. And so a new trade route for Cornish tin was opened.

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Volume CCXXX No. 3000 The SPHERE, London, September 28, 1957

The SPHERE

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NORWAY'S NEW KING—KING OLAV LEAVES OSLO CATHEDRAL AFTER ATTENDING A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR HIS FATHER, KING HAAKON VII, WHO DIED LAST SATURDAY: He is followed by two of his three children, the new Crown Prince Harald and Princess Astrid. At the time of his death King Haakon was the oldest king in Europe. He was eighty-five. At his funeral, which has been arranged in Oslo for next Tuesday, Queen Elizabeth will be represented by the Duke of Gloucester.

Shortly after the death of King Haakon last Saturday morning, the Crown Prince Olav met the members of the Norwegian Cabinet and told the Ministers that in accordance with the country's foundation law, he had taken over the throne as King of Norway. He also presented his written oath as demanded in the foundation law and stated that his Royal motto would be the same as his late father's—"All for Norway." The new King is expected to repeat the oath before the National Assembly in the New Year, the Coronation ceremony having been abolished in 1908. Olav V, who was born in England in 1903, has three children. His wife, Princess Märtha of Sweden, died in 1954. The late King Haakon, who was the first sovereign of an independent Norway for five centuries, was the son of the Crown Prince Frederik of Denmark. He married Princess Maud, the daughter of the future King Edward VII of England, in 1896, and was offered the throne of Norway in 1905, after that country had decided to dissolve the Union with Sweden. King Haakon was crowned in the following June after a plebiscite had given him a four to one majority. (See also page 453.)

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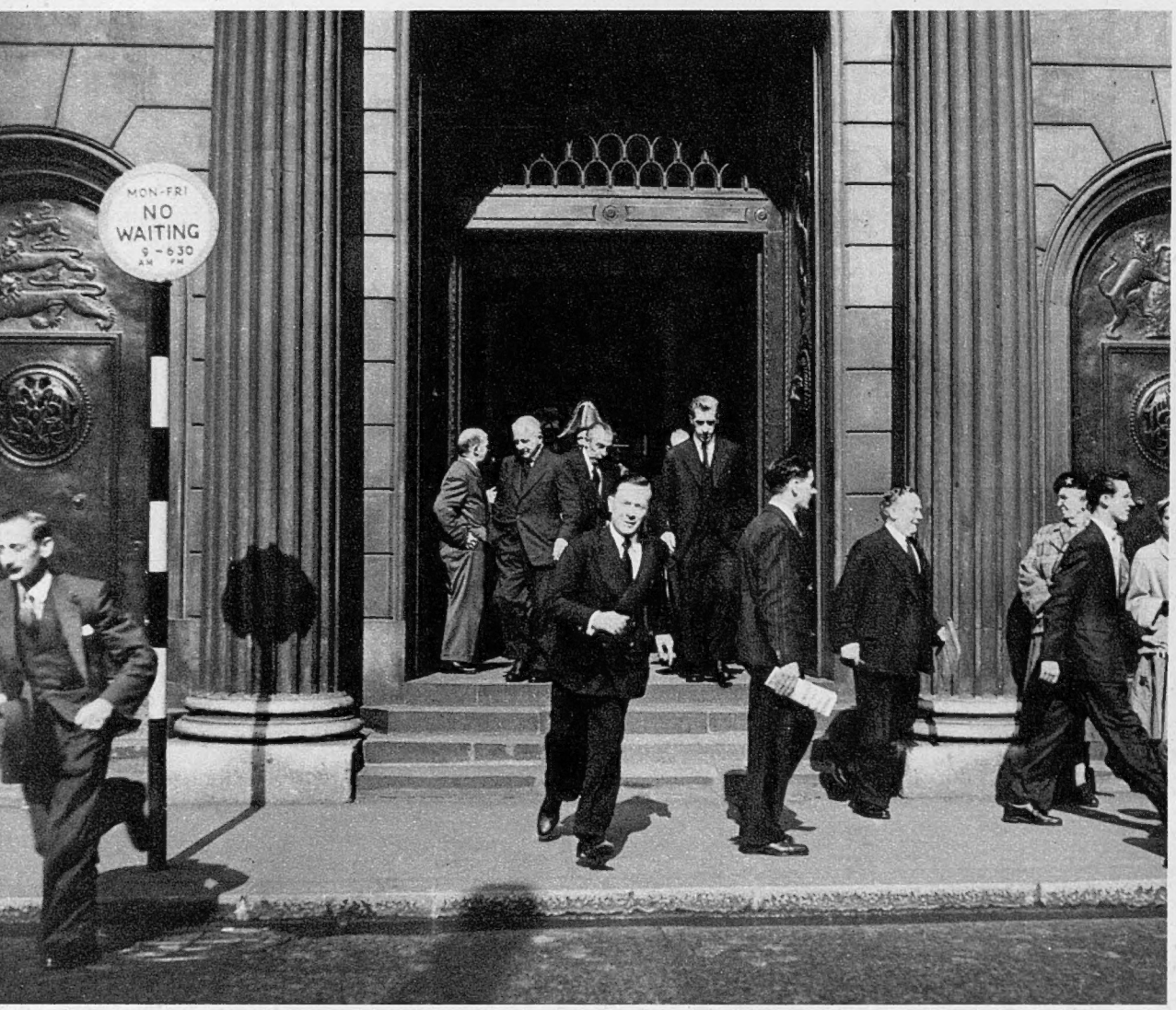

THE BANK RATE INCREASED : Messengers run out of the Bank of England after the announcement that the Bank Rate had been increased from 5 to 7 per cent., the highest level since 1920. This sensational measure, announced last week, is the Government's latest step to maintain the value of the pound and to combat inflation. The immediate effect of the rise was an appreciation of the pound in foreign markets.

THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY ORGANISATION announcement of his appointment. For some weeks it ha Mr. Oliver Poole (on left). To enable Lord Hailsha to carr The new Chairman hitherto Minister of Education was relieve

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Seven per cent.—Never since the last war has any Government or amateur economist conceived the possibility of a 7 per cent. Bank Rate, though many "amateurs" have thought it necessary. More than that, it was less than two months ago that Government spokesmen pooh-poohed the idea that there was anything in the nature of a "crisis." But all the while Governments have been driven from pillar to post, in their efforts to defend the pound and to check inflation, even while they approved vast schemes of improvement and development, requiring capital investment. If the 7 per cent. Bank Rate is regarded as a short-term or emergency measure, it is a contradiction in terms, for time alone can prove its effectiveness. It is a fair criticism by the Opposition to contrast the Chancellor's complacency during the inflation debate before the recess with the panic measure of to-day which puts a stop to the vaunted modernisation of roads, railways, mines and other nationalised industries, and to other projects for national welfare. Clearly the decision is designed first and foremost to check the speculation in, and borrowing of, sterling by foreigners who have lost faith in it and could profit by switching into other currencies. It is perhaps too soon to express anxiety about the effect on our industrial output and productivity, and certainly on the level of employment. No doubt, anxious questions already arise concerning the service of the National Debt, overseas payments, rents and mortages, and the effect on small firms. But the general impression from first comments appears to be that the decision was necessary and has been far too long delayed, and if that is so, a great deal of the work of the last Session has been wasted and Mr. Macmillan's Government is convicted of inexcusable complacency. Certainly the City was taken by surprise. Government stocks tumbled to their lowest-ever levels and I wondered what may be a "fair level" for 2½ per cent. Consols when prices have shaken out ! Were you perhaps a buyer at 75 per cent. ? I was reading the literature of the Vickers £29,000,000 issue, when the news came in, and I wondered what the underwriters thought about it.

Gloucester Speaks.—Gloucester certainly spoke plainly and bluntly in its by-election. "Seat held by Socialists" was a euphemistic phrase for describing a shattering Waterloo for Tory hopes, and Mr. Gaitskell's remark that it gave overwhelming evidence of the unpopularity of the Government is hard to controvert. Gloucester may not be England, but the Socialist candidate in a three-cornered fight increased the last Labour majority from 748 to 8,374 and got a clear majority over his two opponents, the Tory vote falling by 10,000. The Liberals can share in the Socialist triumph, as the Prussians shared in Wellington's victory. Gloucester had so much in hand that it could afford to accord them generously a first clear proof of a Liberal revival. For the Tories, it was high time that Lord Hailsham got to work and that Mr. Macmillan began to recognise that time is short and the nation still far from satisfied with the progress of his policies and the fruits of his Government's labours. It was no time for complacency as the country slips downhill, and I hope he *is* jolted at last, as once was Melbourne, who, when warned that his Government was disintegrating, remarked with surprise : "By God, perhaps it is so !" The floating voter clearly feels that complacency has hitherto been the indefensible attribute of Mr. Macmillan and his men. The *kudos* of curing inflation is post-dated. The cure must inevitably be unpopular, and the Tories now (I fear) haven't time for the cure, let alone for the *kudos*. I doubt if Gloucester's voice is silenced by a 7 per cent. Bank Rate.

The Thorns of Office.—No doubt it is possible to explain away the Gloucester by-election for the comfort of Tories. After all, the Labour vote increased only by a trivial fraction over the parties of the Right. The victorious candidate was a first-rate one. The Rent Act must remain an unpopular measure for a time. Pensions are being outstripped by rising costs and the Tory promises to improve them came too late and too vaguely for Gloucester. But comfort is not what the Tory Government requires. It needs guts, purpose, actions, desperate determination, to fight inflation and the cost of living, to convince the nation and the unions that constant pay claims unrelated to production will with no further delay be tackled and stemmed ; and as a start to set an example by reducing its own expenditure. It has been done in the past. It must be done again, even if it brings us to the verge of another General Strike. And if Mr. Macmillan's Government can't and won't do it, it will have failed in its mandate and deserves to go. Mr. Macmillan, by all accounts, has thoroughly enjoyed the sweets of office. The time has come for him to tackle the thorns, and the latest pay-increase demands suggest that he cannot begin too soon. It won't be done by Cabinet shuffles, nor by increasing the salaries of nationalised industry bosses, nor by setting on foot more working parties to explore the avenues and search for the causes of inflation and industrial relations *malaises*. The floating voter knows very well what the sickness is and what is acerbating it, and he gave a mandate to the Tories, believing they had the courage and the skill to operate and not merely to diagnose. He is now leaning to the view that he must call in another specialist (risky as the choice may be) ; for the time is short for the nation no less than for the Tories, who for the past year have appeared to us to believe that the sun stands still.

Post-Mortem on Suez.—The Keightley despatch on Suez established two important points. It hits for six the lying anti-Eden propaganda which has so damaged our reputation in the world and tells the rogues that they, and not Eden and his Government, lied. The short notice and the forces allotted for the venture both prove that, even if misconceived, it was always limited to the action embarked on and left unfinished. Secondly, the despatch affords the sternest military lesson. The means available were totally inadequate for the swift surprise intended, and the employment of them required a caution and delay which ruined the plan. Did the Government rely too much on the say-so of its military advisers, having too little time to verify that advice ? No doubt it did, which is another counter to propagandist lies. The anxiety remains, and Keightley's report increases it. The "means at our disposal" to police our overseas responsibilities will soon be much reduced from those available for Suez. What expectation have we that in the next year or two the means at our disposal will be adequate in planes, commandos, parachutists and mobile units, not to add ordinary personnel, to support and execute another such intervention deemed necessary by a Government to avert a major conflagration ? The Keightley despatch cannot be shelved and forgotten. It

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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ord Hailsham addresses a Press conference shortly after the een expected that he would take over as Chairman from ut his Party duties, the Prime Minister reshuffled the Cabinet. f his department and appointed Lord President of the Council.

EXTENSION WORK ON THE SOUTHERN REGION OF BRITISH RAILWAYS : Navvies and a bulldozer prepare the way for an electrification scheme on the Kent line in the Shortlands, Bickley and St. Mary Cray area. The project is to extend the permanent-way from two to four tracks so that all traffic will be more easily handled. The first phase of the scheme is expected to be completed by 1957 and the second by 1962.

calls for, and the nation calls for, a firm and clear assurance from the Government that its lessons are being studied and its unspoken recommendations implemented.

Do Kremlin Threats Pay?—I, too, have often wondered whether the Soviet policy of threats and war-talk pays them as well as their periodic returns to sweet reasonableness and peaceful co-existence. Certainly the latest sword-rattlings have not prevented several setbacks to Kremlin hopes. The Eisenhower Doctrine has very strongly developed in the Middle East; Gomulka and Tito have made cordial contacts and Adenauer has been swept to supreme power, while the Kremlin sabre rattled at its loudest. The last decades have clearly shown all students of history that Kremlin policy succeeds better in dividing the West when it pretends reasonableness and amity than when it makes our flesh creep. It seems probable to me that a phase of increased doubt and anxiety brings the sabre out and that the dove of peace flies out to signalise a lull in the battle for power in the Kremlin. Certain it is that the louder the sabre rattles, the closer together draw the Western democracies for mutual protection. But how puzzled must be the Russian people themselves at the antics of the Kremlin cuckoo-clock, when the inky clouds of yesterday become white lamb-fleeces to-day and rain falls suddenly from a blue sky. Many of them must wonder if the Kremlin is the capital of Cloud-Cuckoo Land.

Little Rock Issue.—Mr. Eisenhower's two-hour talk with the Governor of Arkansas on the de-segregation *impasse* at Little Rock leaves no clear indication of how things will work out. The President "hoped things would work out." Mr. Faubus, while accepting the Supreme Court's decision as "the law of the land," nevertheless called out his guards to obstruct that law. Presumably he will now gradually (for face-saving) withdraw his guards and let the little black pupils filter through. There were good reasons for the President's sympathetic ambiguity. A tough line might have won him millions of black votes in the South; as surely it would have revived most bitterly the fierce North-South animosities of old days. Even the most impatient and passionate Negro associations seem to agree that a slow and peaceful issue out of the *impasse* is best for all concerned. Mr. Faubus clearly had something—which the President acknowledged—when he stressed his double loyalty, to respect the Federal laws and to guarantee law and order in his State, where passions run high. Such double loyalties on national matters are unknown to us, and we have no justification for calling the President weak or the Governor rebellious. The Russians, of course, can make capital out of that and anything else in the West.

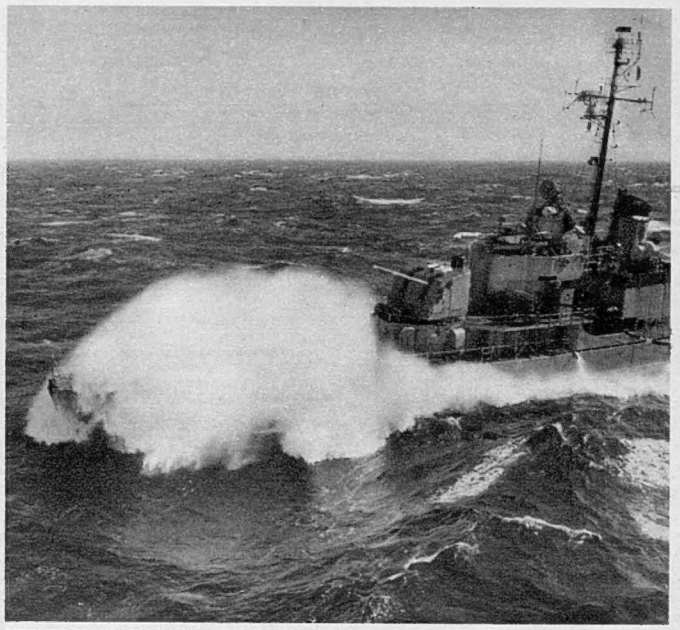
"Light Articles Only."—I deplore the fact that I left it so late in life to discover the great merits of travelling light on holidays. I was always ashamed of the pile of large suitcases dumped at the front door on one's arrival by train or car for a week's visit, even in the days when willing or unwilling hands were available to carry them to one's bedroom. Now in old age, when a moderate-sized suitcase is beyond my carrying power, I have discovered how much of my sartorial provisions was redundant. Travelling always by car, the merits of small suitcases, each one furnished with the essentials of a particular visit, have become clear to me. In old age, one has shed the vanity of ringing the changes on suits. With modern devices for resisting rain in boots, shoes, waterproof trousers and light- and heavy-weight mackintoshes, one stout suitcase will serve one in wet or fine weather by day and one more for the evening. And if evening clothes are required at some port of call or for special occasions, they can be separately packed and left in the car till called for. And so with boots and shoes, the heaviest item in all packing. I leave my boots in the boot, and dump but a single modest suitcase on my host's doorstep. After all, before any expedition afield, sporting or otherwise, one usually passes the garage and can pull out the appropriate wear. So nowadays my car is my caravan and supernumerary residence, and is never even half-emptied of the junk of travel. I look back with regret on decades of pointless planning when packing for a holiday, and I realise at last that redundant ties and handkerchiefs and vests and drawers and shirts and suits to suit all possible conditions of weather were labour lost. A pair of rubber boots, a pair of waterproof trousers, a light-weight mackintosh or an extra woolly are adequate protection against the worst of weather, and washing and drying are easily and habitually done on the premises. I travel light at last with a lighter heart and crave forgiveness for a very light holiday article before resuming business in more serious vein.

THE OLD STAGER

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD : The old and picturesque lamp-posts seen in the *left-hand* picture are being replaced with modern concrete ones, seen *on the right*, in the Bedfordshire village of Ampthill. Professor Sir Albert Richardson, who is a past President of the Royal Academy, was among those who protested at this exchange. He hung a notice outside his Georgian home complaining that the lamp-posts were "incongruous" and had been erected by the Urban District Council against the considered advice of the Royal Fine Art Commission.

NATO EXERCISES

Ships and Troops Take Part in Manœuvres in North European Waters



REFUELLING DURING NATO NAVAL MANŒUVRES: The U.S. destroyer *Forest Royal* ploughs through heavy seas while she takes on fuel during "Operation Strikeback" in the North-East Atlantic.

A large part of this year's military exercises of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation is taking place in the North-East Atlantic area, as was recorded in the last issue of THE SPHERE. On this page are seen pictures of warships taking part in the operations and a landing by British troops on a Danish island. At the beginning of the week manœuvres were suspended for two days as a tribute to the memory of the Norwegian King, Haakon VII. One or two British ships, which, with the American force, constitute the bulk of the naval contingent, were also held back for a short time from the manœuvres because of Asian influenza. The exercises are due to continue until mid-November.

At the beginning of the exercises it was feared that "incidents" might occur between the NATO fleets and those of the Soviet Union, which were taking part in exercises nearby. During foggy weather last week a Russian trawler steamed through the centre of a force of between fifty to sixty NATO ships, but no trouble was reported.

Two of the chief purposes of the exercises were to test carrier-borne aircraft simulating atomic bomb attacks on land installations and ships and to attempt the penetration of a strong submarine barrier. Another was the seeking out and destroying of submarines and surface raiders.

A COMPLICATED OPERATION AT SEA: A network of ropes and tubes links the tanker *Caloosahatchee* (on the right) and the U.S. aircraft-carrier *Saratoga*, as the carrier ships 1,400,000 gallons of fuel in foggy weather in the Arctic. Great Britain has four aircraft-carriers among the ships taking part in the naval manœuvres of NATO.

A U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER AND SOME OF HER AIRCRAFT: Aeroplanes line the decks of the U.S. warship *Forrestal* as she travels at speed through a calm sea during the NATO exercises in the North-East Atlantic. One of her three launching areas, the angled deck, is seen at the left. She has carried out mock atomic bomb attacks.

BRITISH TROOPS "INVADE" AN ISLAND: An officer leads men of the Higland Light Infantry ashore on the Danish island of Zealand during NATO exercises. U.S. paratroops were dropped simultaneously with this attack, in what was believed to be the biggest combined military operation since the war. They were opposed by Danish Army units.

NORWAY MOURNS KING HAAKON

The Eighty-Five-Year-Old Sovereign is Remembered for his Gallant Leadership During the War

NORWEGIANS MOURN THEIR LATE KING: As the flag is lowered to half-mast and the news of the King's death is made known, crowds gather outside the Royal Palace in Oslo. In London Queen Elizabeth has ordered Court morning for King Haakon for two weeks.

THE LYING-IN-STATE: The body of the late King will lie in State in the Palace until the day of the funeral in Oslo Cathedral. The last resting-place will be in the Royal crypt of Akershus Castle.

King Haakon was the first Norwegian King to die in Norway for 577 years. Although he was born in the Royal House of Denmark, he devoted his life to the country of his adoption, and had as his wife a Princess of England who was the granddaughter of Queen Victoria. As the Norwegian Prime Minister said in a message to the nation, it fell to King Haakon, as the first King of a completely independent nation, to set his seal on the formation of the constitutional monarchy in its modern form in Norway. "He fulfilled his public duties with a simple dignity," said Hr. Gerhardsen. "All those who knew King Haakon personally will always cherish the memory of a fine, good man, whom one could not help liking." King Haakon has been rightly praised for the leadership which he gave to his countrymen during the war. He spent the war years in England and returned to Norway to be warmly welcomed in Oslo in June 1945.

On right—

THE NEW KING MEETS HIS CABINET: The picture was taken after Olav V had sworn allegiance to the Constitution. On the King's left is the Prime Minister, Hr. Einar Gerhardsen.

WAR AND PEACE—TWO EPISODES IN A LONG REIGN: *Left*—King Haakon inspects the Norwegian Navy at Plymouth. During the war, after the King had been forced to leave Norway following the German occupation, his presence in England became a rallying-point for all his countrymen who were continuing the struggle against the enemy. *Right*—The late King is seen touring the South Bank site of the Festival of Britain. With him is Sir Gerald Barry, Director-General of the Festival.

CRISIS IN SAN MARINO

The Communists Dissolve Parliament in a bid to Retain Power

San Marino, in the hills near Rimini, in North Italy, is one of the smallest independent states in Europe. It is also the only state in Western Europe with a Communist Government. The efforts of the Opposition to oust the Communists brought crisis to the Republic last week.

Legislative power is vested in the Grand Council, or Parliament, of sixty members, elected every four years by popular vote. Two members are elected by Parliament every six months to act as joint Captains-Regent, or Heads of State. At the last General Elections in 1955 the Communists, in alliance with Left-Wing Socialists, gained a majority of ten over the Christian Democrats. Thus they have hitherto always been able to put in their nominees as Captains-Regent. Recently the Government majority has gradually dwindled owing to defections by their Socialist allies, until in the middle of last week, on the eve of a session to elect new Captains-Regent, they found themselves with a minority of one. It seemed clear that non-Communists were about to be elected Heads of State, when the Government dissolved Parliament and called for new elections on November 3. The Christian Democrats and Opposition Socialists maintain this was entirely unconstitutional as the Parliamentary term had not expired. The Government claim that their action was legal as the requisite number of Councillors (presumably Communists) had submitted their resignations, and therefore new elections were necessary under the law. According to some reports, the Opposition was hoping not only to elect their own Head of State but to enfranchise the women of San Marino.

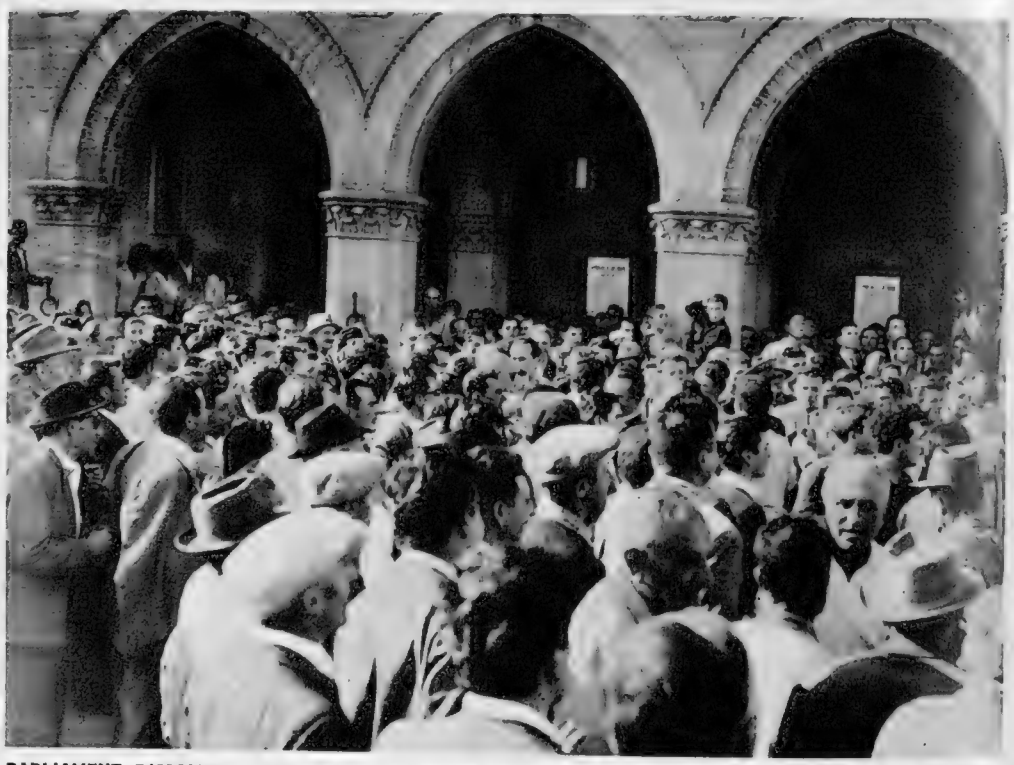
THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION IN THE ONLY COMMUNIST-CONTROLLED STATE IN WESTERN EUROPE: Professor Frederico Biggi, a leader of the Christian Democrat Party, addresses a meeting in San Marino to protest against the Dissolution of the San Marino Grand Council or Parliament last week. It was claimed that this Dissolution was unconstitutional and a "trick" by the Communists, who had become alarmed at the manner in which their parliamentary majority had disappeared and were determined to prevent the Opposition gaining control of the Government.

On right—

A COMMUNIST CHIEF IN SAN MARINO: Domenico Morgenti is a Secretary of State. At the last elections in 1955 his party, in alliance with extreme Left-Wing Socialists, gained a majority in the Council. Hitherto the Communists have been able to elect their own nominees as the two Captains-Regent, whose period of office runs for only six months. Last week the non-Communists would have found a majority to put two of their supporters into office as Heads of State if Parliament had not been dissolved.

KEY FIGURES IN THE CRISIS: *Left*—Attilio Giannini pushes a wheel-barrow at the site on which he works as a foreman-builder. A Left-Wing Socialist Councillor, he withdrew his support from the Government and turned the scales in favour of the Opposition. *Right*—Alvaro Casali (centre) speaks at an Opposition meeting. He is another of the Socialist Group which defected.

CITIZENS PROTEST: From the steps of the Basilica of San Marino, Christian Democrat leaders protest against the Dissolution. But last week-end they admitted the Communists still had control of the republic.



PARLIAMENT DISSOLVED: A dense crowd packs the street outside the Parliament building, on the walls of which have been posted the notices of Dissolution. New elections have been called for November 3. The Communists maintain that they have acted within the constitution.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

On left—

THE GERMAN BARQUE PRESUMED LOST IN MID-ATLANTIC: The four-masted German windjammer *Pamir* is seen here under full sail off Falmouth, in Cornwall. Last Sunday, while battling against a hurricane 600 miles to the south-west of Azores, she sent out her last S O S that she had lost all sails, was listing and in danger of sinking. The complement of the 3,103-ton vessel was believed to be 88, including 53 German Merchant Navy cadets making a training voyage. Ships of many nations made for the vicinity of the *Pamir's* last message, but were hampered by the furious gale. An American aircraft which joined in the search reported seeing a lifeboat and two rafts but no sign of survivors. On Monday it was established that the barque had foundered when a lifeboat with five survivors was picked up by a freighter.

THE PRESIDENT AND GOVERNOR FAUBUS AFTER THEIR CONFERENCE AT NEWPORT: It was hoped that their talk would lead to a settlement of the racial dispute in Arkansas.

HEARING A SUIT BROUGHT BY NEGRO MINISTERS IN LITTLE ROCK: From left, Judges J. E. Miller, M. D. Van Oosterhout and R. N. Davis sit to hear the case in which ten Negro Ministers have challenged the constitutional legality of segregation laws in Arkansas.

A LEADER OF THE ANTI-INTEGRATION MOVEMENT INDICTED: Frederick John Kasper (left) and his counsel, M. S. Ross, stand and listen to the indictment being read in a court at Nashville, in Tennessee. Kasper was indicted on charges of making speeches which were incitements to riot against the integration policy in schools. Last year he was prominent in the opposition to integration in another Tennessee town, Clinton, where there were widespread anti-Negro demonstrations. For most of America at the present the centre of the racial dispute is Little Rock, in Arkansas. Early this week Governor Faubus, who had defied the Federal Court's ruling that the High School must be opened to both whites and Negroes, withdrew the National Guard which had been preventing the Negroes entering. But the situation was still regarded as critical in Arkansas and many other Southern States.

A FORMER SIAMESE MINISTER IN EUROPE: General Phao Sriyanond, former Minister of Interior and Chief of Police, arrives in Rome.

LEADER OF THE MILITARY GROUP IN SIAM: Marshal Sarit Thanarat, the Siamese Commander-in-Chief, drives through Bangkok. His military group was responsible for the crisis and change of Government in Siam last week.

On left—

The recent political crisis in Siam seems to have followed the familiar pattern of military rivalries there. Marshal Sarit Thanarat, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, decided on a change of Government. First he brought pressure to bear on the Prime Minister, Marshal Pibul Songgram, and forced him to remove certain Ministers from his Cabinet—notably General Phao Sriyanond, Minister of Interior and Chief of Police, who left the country for voluntary exile in Europe. Marshal Sarat's next move was to carry out a *coup d'etat* in Bangkok, by occupying key positions with troops and tanks. Although Marshal Pibul had prudently left the capital, he later capitulated, and King Phumiphon dissolved Parliament. Elections are to be held before the end of the year. Until then, Nai Pote Sarasin will act as Premier.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

JAN SIBELIUS: Like his profound music, the great Finnish master looks serenely serious in this picture of him taken shortly before his death, which occurred at his home, Ainola, near Helsinki, last week-end.

THE DEATH OF A GREAT COMPOSER: The Finnish flag flies outside Ainola, near Helsinki, the home of Jan Sibelius, who died last Friday night. Although he was ninety-one years old, his death was unexpected and sudden. Almost simultaneously with the moment of his death Sir Malcolm Sargent began conducting the Helsinki City Orchestra in the great composer's Fifth Symphony in the concert hall of the Finnish capital. Sibelius was the son of a doctor. Although his family was musical, there had been no professional musicians among its members. His parents at one time are believed to have suggested that he should study law. However, he preferred music and at the outset of his career hoped to become a violin virtuoso ; a fact which is borne out by the masterful composition of his Concerto for the violin. The young Sibelius studied music at Helsinki and at Berlin, but he was not highly influenced by the German composers Brahms and Wagner—in vogue at the time—which many critics have suggested as a sign of his true greatness. His first symphony appeared in 1899. It is for his symphonic and orchestral work that he is chiefly famous. His earlier orchestral scores include the "*Valse Triste*" and "*Finlandia*," and although they are greatly different from the compressed melodic fragments of the magnificent Seventh Symphony, they alone would suffice to place his name among those of the great composers.

On right—

AN ARMY OCCASION IN YORKSHIRE: The Vicar of Beverley Minster, the Rev. Collwyn Hargreaves, is about to lay on the altar one of the Colours of the 1st and 2nd Battalions, the East Yorkshire. The Regiment is to be joined to the West Yorks.

BRITISH BARRISTER REFUSED ENTRY TO GHANA: Mr. Christopher Shawcross, Q.C. (centre), walks back to an airliner at Accra, the capital of Ghana, to return to Nigeria, after an unsuccessful attempt to enter the country. On the left is Mr. Koi Larbi, wearing a dark suit and a hat. Mr. Larbi assisted Mr. Shawcross in defending Mr. Ian Colvin, special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, in the action for a writ of attachment for contempt of court brought against him in Accra by the Ghanian Government, Mr. Shawcross successfully obtained a ruling that the Court had no jurisdiction. Both barrister and journalist left Ghana for Lagos, intending to return for the next stage of the case. However, Mr. Shawcross was refused re-entry at the airport of Accra.

DEVALUATION OF THE FINNISH CURRENCY: The President of the Bank of Finland, Mr. Rainer von Fieandt (at the head of the table), speaks at a Press Conference after a Government announcement that the Finmark had been devalued. Formerly the rate was 676 Fms. to the pound sterling and 230 Fms. to the dollar, the rate is now 896 to the pound and 320 to the dollar. The President of the Bank also stated that the special rate of exchange for tourist currency and for the import of certain key products would be abolished. The devaluation was made, he said, to redress Finland's balance of payments, which were being distorted by a positive decline in exports, while imports, including many luxury goods, continued unabated.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

On left—

"GREEN BELT" CAUSES FRONTIER DISPUTE IN JERUSALEM: The slopes of the neutral zone are seen after being dug into terraces by the Israelis. According to Israel, the work has been done to prepare the ground for the planting of some 10,000 eucalyptus trees. The Jordanians allege that in doing this the Israelis have been guilty of "aggression" and Jordan has made a complaint to this effect to the Security Council of the United Nations. Last May, Israel obtained permission from the U.N. Truce Supervisory Organisation to clear the neutral zone of mines. A month later, after the mines had been removed, the Israelis proceeded to make the preparations for planting the trees for the purpose of forming a "green belt" for the New City of Jerusalem, and since then the work has steadily progressed. Wild charges from certain Arab circles that the operations are a cover for trench-digging are not taken seriously in responsible quarters. Israel may possibly be in technical breach of the Armistice provisions, but charges and counter-charges of this kind between Arabs and Jews have been made in the past and will, doubtless, be heard in the future.

MR. GOMULKA'S VISIT TO BELGRADE: The Secretary-General of the Polish Communist Party seems to be in a happy mood as he sits with Marshal Tito at a reception in the Polish leader's honour in the capital of Yugoslavia. With them is Madame Tito.

ACCORD BETWEEN POLAND AND YUGOSLAVIA: Mr. Gomulka and President Tito sign a joint-declaration before the former left Belgrade for Warsaw at the end of his visit. The document contained an agreement for consultation between the Polish and Yugoslav Governments "whenever necessary and particularly when the peace and security of the two countries required it." It was also laid down that a permanent Polish-Yugoslav economic commission should be established. Other points included: reiteration of the statements made in speeches in Belgrade that the Polish frontier should remain on the Oder-Neisse line, the post-war demarcation; concern over the "increased threat to peace" in the Middle East (apparently from America); and hopes for the "strengthening of ties" between the Polish and Yugoslav Communist parties.

EGYPT CELEBRATES A SUEZ CANAL ANNIVERSARY: Inhabitants of Ismailia stand by a model ship put up to mark the first anniversary of the withdrawal of foreign pilots and other employees of the old Suez Canal Company. While these celebrations were taking place the old Company held a meeting in Paris of holders of founder's shares. Owing to poor attendance a quorum was not obtained and the meeting had to be postponed until next month. According to reports, the plans for the Suez Company to embark on a new career without its canal include investment in the Channel Tunnel Study project and in oil schemes for the Sahara.

MR. BEVAN IN MOSCOW: Holding bouquets, he and his wife, Miss Jennie Lee, are welcomed at the airport of Moscow by the British Ambassador, Sir Patrick Reilly (extreme left). During their stay in the Soviet Union Mr. and Mrs. Bevan went to the Crimea, where they had a meeting with Mr. Khrushchev. Afterwards Mr. Bevan stated that they had a conversation for three hours, during which they discussed a variety of subjects. He said that the substance of their talk must remain private but, Mr. Bevan continued, "What I can say is that Mr. Khrushchev is a very charming host . . . the discussion was friendly throughout and I am sure we understand each other's point of view better as a result of it."

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE BLACK WATCH PIPERS IN WASHINGTON: They re marching near the Capitol, in Washington, at the beginning of the extensive tour of the United States and Canada, which they are at present undertaking. The regiment has not visited the U.S.A. since the War of Independence.

BAGPIPES PLAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE: The Regimental pipers of the Black Watch parade and play before Government workers in the grounds of the President's residence. While the pipers were in Washington they were guests of the United States Marine Corps.

MRS. SWINBURN SEES NASSER'S REPRESENTATIVE: Reporters crowd round the wife of Mr. James Swinburn (one of the two Britons imprisoned as result of the Cairo "spy" trials) after she had had an interview with Colonel Hatem, the Director of Egypt's Information Services, in London last week. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Swinburn, stands behind her on the left. Colonel Hatem was in London for the Inter-Parliamentary Union Conference. Mrs. Swinburn stated that he had promised to deliver any appeal she might make to the "proper quarters."

On left—

A TURKISH PRINCESS ENGAGED TO THE KING OF IRAQ: Sixteen-year-old Princess Fazilet (on right), a great-grand-daughter of the last Sultan of Turkey, and her mother, Princess Hanzade, pose in the grounds of their Istanbul villa after the engagement of the young Princess to King Feisal of Iraq had been announced. The Princess, who has a fair complexion and auburn hair, stated that she met King Feisal two years ago, on the Cote D'Azur, when he was twenty-one years old. It is proposed that she should spend a year at a school in England before the marriage takes place. Her father, Prince Mohammed Ali, was reported to have asked the help of the British Government in selecting a suitable school for the Princess. Most of her education has been acquired in European countries.

On right—

RACING CARS SOLD BY AUCTION: A mechanic works on the engine of a Connaught 2½-litre Grand Prix racing car at the Connaught engineering premises at Send, near Ripley, in Surrey, prior to the sale by auction of five of these cars, for a total of £9,920. Seven cars were offered for sale and two were withdrawn. It was stated by the company that the auction was held because it had decided to wind up its stud of racing cars. The servicing and sales of other cars, including Jaguars and foreign vehicles, will be maintained. The Connaught rates 275 b.h.p. and 7,500 r.p.m. A director claimed that on a suitable circuit they could reach 160 m.p.h. The company withdrew from racing last May.

KEEL OF A NEW ORIENT LINER LAID: Workmen stand by as a section of the keel of the new 40,000-ton Orient liner *Oriana*, carrying flags and a profile of the ship, is laid at the Vickers-Armstrongs' yards at Barrow-in-Furness. The vessel will be the largest liner to be built in Great Britain since the *Queen Elizabeth* was laid down before the war. She is expected to be launched in the spring of 1959 and should enter service in the following year. She will be air-conditioned throughout and her superstructure will chiefly be of aluminium. The ship's ultimate cost is expected to be not less than £12,000,000.

FIRES IN TWO HEMISPHERES

A Volcano in Nicaragua; Fires in France and the Americas

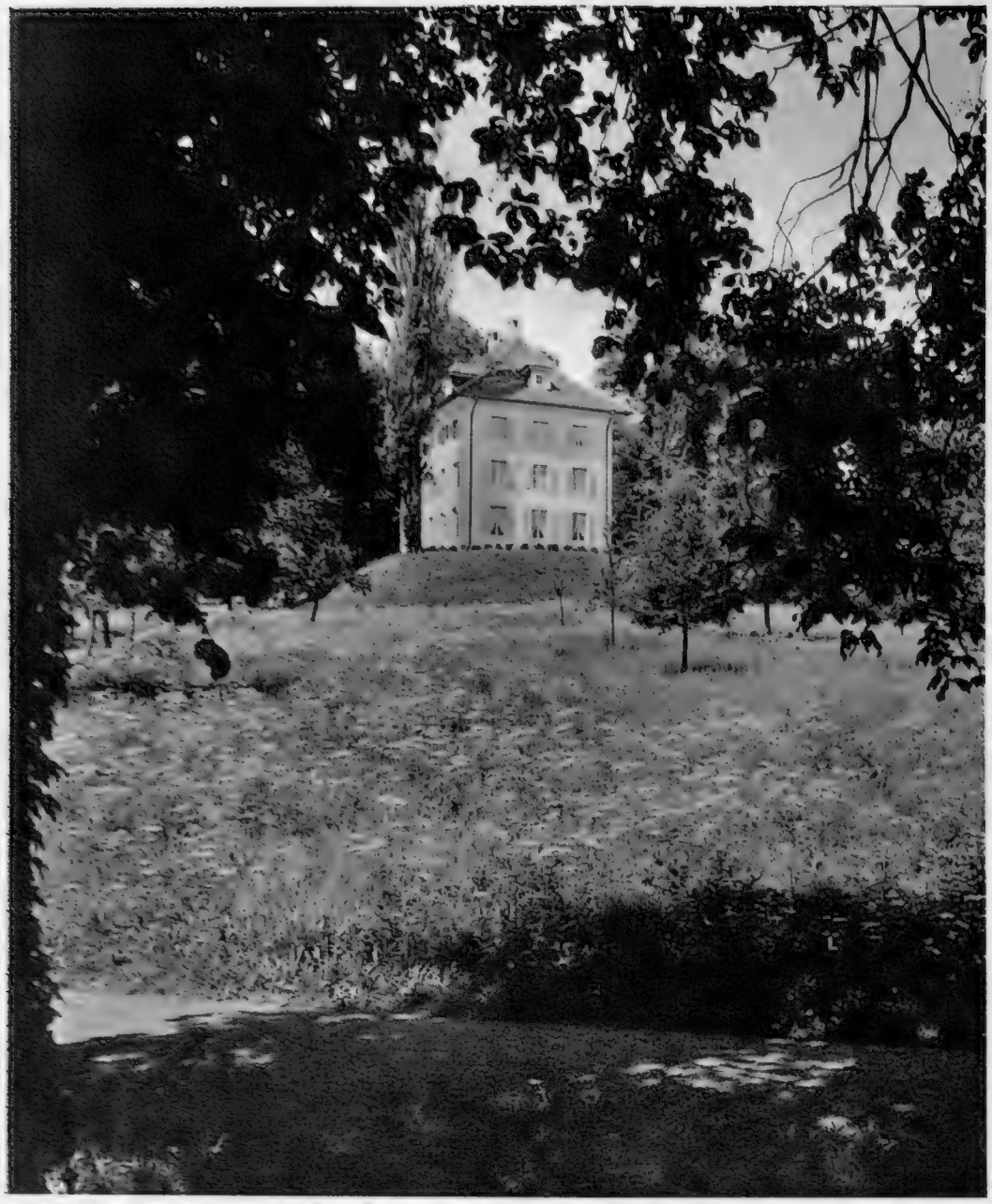
AN ERUPTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA: Smoke and lava pour from the Cerro Negro volcano, near Managua, the capital of Nicaragua. The eruption resembles the now-familiar "mushroom" cloud of the explosion of a nuclear bomb. Lava and burning rock were reported to have been ejected to a height of 20,000 ft. when the volcano became active recently. It is one of several volcanoes surrounding Managua, which was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake twenty-six years ago. There are several other live and extinct volcanoes in this mountainous country.

A PERUVIAN SHANTY TOWN DESTROYED BY FIRE: Crowds of onlookers gather to watch dense columns of smoke rise from a shanty town district of Lima, Peru. The fire, which spread rapidly on the outskirts of this South American capital, destroyed four blocks of straw and wooden dwellings. Some 3,500 people were made homeless. The cost of the damage was estimated at £52,000.

"BOMBING" A FOREST FIRE: The low-flying aeroplane appears to be leaving a cloud of smoke in the sky. In fact, it is dropping a water-bomb in an attempt to check the advance of a forest fire at San Gabriel Canyon, in the National Forest near Los Angeles.

A SERIOUS BLAZE IN THE FRENCH RIVIERA: Strong winds fan a fire in the Aspremont forest, near Nice. A threat to the military camp at Fréjus, where there was reported to be a large ammunition dump, was narrowly averted. The masts of the transmitters at the broadcasting station of Monte Carlo were also threatened. *On left*—Volunteers with brushwood sticks beat down smouldering flames in the woods above Nice. Some 5,000 acres of woodland were destroyed and firemen came from as far afield as Bordeaux to help in extinguishing the blaze.

Some 5,000 acres of forest in the Aspremont area of the French Riviera, near Nice, were destroyed by fires at the beginning of last week. Hundreds of firemen were brought great distances to help extinguish the fires, which were alleged to have been started by tourists. At one point the forest almost reaches the suburbs of Nice and there was fear that houses might be set alight. The fires also threatened the masts of Radio Monte Carlo and reached points only half a mile away from the military camp of Fréjus, where there is a large ammunition dump. Strong winds increased the tasks of the fire-fighters and hundreds of thousands of pine and oak trees were destroyed.



THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS WHICH GAVE INSPIRATION FOR "THE MASTERSINGERS": In these graceful surroundings at Tribschen, by Lake Lucerne, in Switzerland, Richard Wagner lived from 1866 to 1872. Among the works which the composer finished here was *The Mastersingers*. The house is now a Wagner museum.

SPRINGTIME VIEW FROM TRIBSCHEN: One looks from the garden of the Wagner Museum through branches of trees laden with blossom across Lake Lucerne to the snow-covered peak of Mount Pilatus.

RELICS OF THE GREAT COMPOSER: The library at Tribschen contains among its exhibits music scores and a number of letters. One of them was written by Wagner's patron, Ludwig of Bavaria, to Frau Wagner.

A WAGNER MUSEUM IN SWITZERLAND

The House at Tribschen on Lake Lucerne Where the Composer Lived for Six Years

By JOHN STEEL

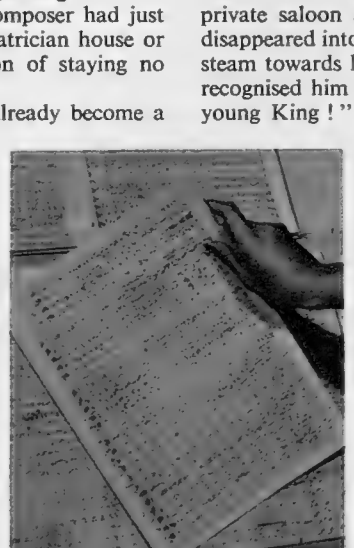
Last Wednesday (September 25) the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden began the first of two cycles of "The Ring" which are being given in this autumn's season. Rudolf Kempe is the conductor. In thinking of Wagner, the first place which usually springs to mind is Bayreuth, where he spent the last years of his life and which is now always associated with his name. Before moving to Bayreuth, in 1872, the composer spent six years at Tribschen, by the Lake of Lucerne, in Switzerland. It seems to have been a comparatively peaceful period in his career and it was certainly a very productive one. Tribschen is closely connected with the composition of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," for there Wagner completed Siegfried *(Part III) and began writing* Götterdämmerung *(Part IV). The sketch of the Introduction and Act I were finished before he left.*

ON an evening in April 1866, Richard Wagner walked to the end of the little peninsula of Tribschen, on Lake Lucerne, and looked towards the city of Lucerne, on the opposite shore. The Lake could rarely have looked lovelier, with the meadows around it glowing with the warm colours of spring flowers. The composer had just arrived to take up residence in an old patrician house or villa, having leased it with the intention of staying no longer than a year.

In his fifty-third year, Wagner had already become a great figure in the musical world of Europe. *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* had brought him wide celebrity and the first two parts of "The Ring" (*Rhinegold* and *The Valkyrie*) had been completed, although they had still to be performed. Among Wagner's influential friends and patrons was King Ludwig II of Bavaria.

Ludwig was barely twenty when he ascended the throne of Bavaria but he had immediately recognised the genius of Wagner and summoned him to the Royal Court at Munich with a view to relieving him of the financial worries which had beset him throughout his career.

Unfortunately, Ludwig, one of the last monarchs who believed in the Divine Right of Kings, found he could not maintain Wagner in the princely style of living which he had planned for him. Jealousy, political and religious hostility which Ludwig was unable to overcome, eventually forced Wagner to leave Munich in December 1865—fortunately not before one of his dreams had been realised, the first performance on June 10, 1865, of *Tristan and Isolde*.



THE ORIGINAL SCORE OF THE "SIEGFRIED IDYLL": The annotation is in Wagner's own hand. The *Idyll* was first performed in Tribschen.

So Wagner, after wandering for nearly a year in search of a home, came to Tribschen. There he was to stay for six years and find a peace which so far had eluded him.

A few weeks later the railway workers at Lucerne Station saw one night a tall, extremely handsome young man with the face of a Greek god descending from a private saloon attached to the Munich express. As he disappeared into the darkness through the mist of escaping steam towards his waiting carriage, there were some who recognised him and whispered to one another, "It is the young King!" Ludwig, moved by a deep longing for Wagner, had travelled incognito to Lucerne in order that he might spend a few days with his friend.

Next day the King talked of his future plans with Wagner as they walked beside the Lake, but Wagner knew that it was wiser for him not to return to Munich until the political situation there had improved. He realised, too, that Ludwig in his enthusiasm would only create obstacles that might well prove disastrous to their common cause. By 1867, however, Ludwig's position in Munich was considerably more stable, with the result that Wagner was able to place Hans Von Bülow, the faithful conductor of his *Tristan*, as Master of the King's Music.

In the meantime Wagner had fallen in love so much with Tribschen that he renewed his lease, and by the autumn he finished the score of *The Mastersingers*. Shortly after the new year in 1868 he travelled three times to Munich to superintend the rehearsals of the opera, returning again to Tribschen three days after its triumphant premiere on June 21, 1868.

Despite the enormous success of *The Mastersingers*, Wagner soon ceased all musical connections with the Bavarian capital, for the Director of the Hoftheater, contrary to the King's orders, had caused obstruction in the carrying out of his, Wagner's, orders.

Thereafter Wagner began a richly productive period at Tribschen where he was greatly comforted by the presence of Cosima Von Bülow. She alone had understood some part of the tragedy that was mingled with the triumph of *The Mastersingers*, and, finally deciding to follow the dictates of her heart, she went to join him. Her husband, one of Wagner's greatest friends, was at this time conducting in Basle, but nevertheless she left him for ever on November 16, 1868, and settled permanently in Tribschen. Within the next two years the Bülows divorced and on August 25, 1870, Richard married Cosima in Lucerne.

Siegfried, which had been begun in Zurich thirteen years before, had at last been finished in the summer of 1869. Now Cosima and he were to have their happiest Christmas, for the *Siegfried Idyll* was completed in time for it to be performed on Christmas morning, 1870, in Tribschen itself. During the latter part of his stay there *The Twilight of the Gods* was also completed as far as the second scene of Act II.

Both Richard Wagner and Cosima mingled frequently with the people of Lucerne, and so well did the composer like them that he composed a quartet for male voices for the Lucerne Fire Brigade, whose efficiency in extinguishing fires had greatly impressed him. To show his gratitude for the interest the Master showed in their work, the chief of the Brigade never failed to let Wagner know when it was called out to a really good blaze.

THE LAWNS ON WHICH WAGNER AND HIS WIFE USED TO WALK: The view over the lake is towards the Alps. When the Wagners were living here the people of Lucerne often made up boat parties to row over to Tribschen in the hope of catching a glimpse of the composer pacing his garden. Although Wagner spent only six of the seventy years of his stormy life in this beautiful corner of Switzerland, he seems to have enjoyed a comparatively peaceful period and was popular with the local people.

THE SALON: This was the room in which Wagner received many distinguished guests. The cabinets contain original scores of compositions and other relics of Wagner's career.

WAGNER'S PIANO: On the panels above the keyboard are inscribed the words "Siegfried" and "Tristan," a reminder that Wagner composed these works on this Erard grand piano.

The Lucerners on their part were enchanted by the presence of the Master in their midst, and it was not an uncommon sight for them to go out on rowing excursions on Sundays in the hope that they might have the opportunity of doffing their hats respectfully to Wagner and his wife, who almost certainly would be taking a stroll in the gardens that bordered the lake.

At length Wagner, who had been deeply grieved at Ludwig having produced the *Rhinegold* and the *Valkyrie* separately in Munich, decided that the final production of "The Ring" should be staged at Bayreuth. Sadly, he left Lucerne on April 22 1872, being followed soon after by his family.

To-day Tribschen is owned by the town of Lucerne, who opened it on July 1, 1933, as a Richard Wagner Museum. The house has been lovingly restored and, set in romantic surroundings, it draws visitors from all over the world.

PICTURES AND BUSTS: The large painting is by Ferdinand Leeke of "Wotan's Farewell." The bust in the background is of Angelo Neumann, a contemporary of Wagner and Director of the Leipzig Opera.

Among the many precious exhibits are Wagner's original Erard grand piano on which he composed *Siegfried* and *Tristan*; the original score of the *Siegfried Idyll* signed by him, December 4, 1870, and the house jacket and velvet beret he always wore. A charming letter from Wagner to Pastor Tschudi of Lucerne may also be seen. In this letter Wagner tells the Pastor he is sending him a gift for the church "in grateful remembrance of the blessed act of my marriage with my wife which, a year ago, you celebrated with so much feeling." Carefully preserved, too, is the menu card of Siegfried Wagner's christening on September 4, 1870.

On the walls of the principal salons hang oil paintings by Ferdinand Leeke of "Parsifal Before the Castle of the Holy Grail," "Wotan's Farewell," "Siegfried (Forest Murmurs)" and water-colours by Thoma of "The Rhine-Maidens, Siegfried and Brünhilde." Many personal relics have been given by admirers of Wagner. They include personal letters from King Ludwig to Cosima, original playbills showing the first performance of the operas, and the programme of the Wagner-Liszt Concert in Budapest on March 10, 1863.

There are interesting photographs of Franz Liszt and Marie Comtesse D'Agoult, the father and mother of Cosima and an unforgettable one of young King Ludwig. The King truly has the face of a Greek god, with his hair and side-whiskers carefully arranged and waved, to set it off to the best possible advantage. Among more modern treasures is the baton used by Toscanini at the Festival Concert at Tribschen on August 25, 1938. In the main salon occupying a place of honour hangs a copy of Lenbach's portrait of Cosima.

Although she cannot be described as a beautiful woman, Cosima at the time of her marriage must have been strikingly handsome. Her eyes—with all the fascination of those of her father—are magnificent. It is easy to see the tremendous influence she had on Wagner. Her death mask, which is normally not shown to visitors, is unbelievably sad. She lived on for many years after Wagner's death and all the sorrow and occasional cruel ravages of advanced old age are only too clearly depicted.

Wagner himself died in Venice on February 18, 1883, but his death mask at Tribschen, made by Augusto Benvenuti, shows no signs of suffering. Only a look of peace is there, for death came gently and with infinite tenderness to Wagner, happy in the knowledge that the world had already given him great honour for the music he was bequeathing to posterity. Perhaps he was thinking of Tribschen as he lay dying, remembering the peaceful years he had known there and hearing in his imagination the sound of the bells that came over the lake to Cosima and him at eventide, when the Alps glowed rose-red and the world around them was silent.

ROYALTY FISHERY

A Famous Stretch of the Avon at Christchurch

AMONG the devotees of rod and line, whether they be skilled salmon or sea-trout "rods" or experts at coarse fishing, there is no better-known water than the last three miles of the Hampshire Avon before it reaches Christchurch Harbour. The Royalty Fishery, to give it its correct name, has seen many days of exciting sport and produced many record catches.

The Royalty runs down from Alder Bush to the Great Weirs with their rushing salmon-pass. Here the river divides, the left-hand branch passing through the Weirs, the right-hand branch running on through the West Hampshire Water Company's Works, where, as well as serving the district with water, thousands of gallons are taken off and piped to Fawley's great oil refinery across the New Forest. Next is a deep pool called "The Parlour," where there is the sea-trout pass round the waterworks known as the Hole in the Wall: a small, square hole round which the water swirls leads to a tunnel to the upper reaches. The fish cannot be seen, even where the tunnel is open to the sky.

On flows the river past the railway bridge carrying the line from Waterloo through the New Forest to Bournemouth, and the names of the stretches and pools are fascinating to hear. There are Junction, Edwards' and Hayter's Pools; Upper and Lower Stiles; Trammell; the Railway, Home, Willow and Telegraph Pools; Upper and Lower Piles, and Fiddler's Run. The Christchurch by-pass, due to open in February 1959 after two years' labour, runs across the water-meadows from Somerford Bridge near de Havillands' great factory. After crossing the Avon and the millstream (which the old monks of the Priory built to turn the little Norman mill on Town Quay), the new road will return to Christchurch by Pound Land. Sport will not be harmed; the new piles for the road-bridge are more likely to form deep pools where the fish will "lay up."

After this, the Avon is clear and shallow, dividing and re-dividing as it wanders through the meadows. Then, gradually gathering its waters, it passes, as if it were two rivers, under the Waterloo and Town Bridges of Christchurch, which carry the narrow bottleneck road that is causing the congestion of traffic demanding the new by-pass. Soon these two branches unite and debouch on Christchurch Harbour near the Sailing Club, where the Avon joins the Stour and forms the two-and-a-half-mile-long estuary leading to the Solent.

Life is never dull on the Royalty, for each season brings its interest—and its particular character, too. From February for some months a rather solemn peace prevails, for this is the season of the salmon fishermen, experts all, whose devotion to their sport is such that they pay £125 for a licence to fish one day a week until the end of July. The banks are quiet, as only two rods are licensed each day, and each, accompanied by a water-bailiff, concentrates only on hooking, playing and landing a lordly fish. The Avon record salmon caught on the rod was landed on the Royalty: it weighed 49½ lb. About every five or six years there will be a "poor" season, owing to the cycle of the breeding of the fish: this year has been such a year, only 128 salmon having been landed. But last year was a wonderful and record season, in which 558 salmon (the largest weighing 34½ lb.) were brought to bank.

In August and September, when day-tickets may be obtained, this great sport is enjoyed by many people, both "locals" and holiday-makers, who would otherwise never know the thrill that landing the game fish brings. The sea-trout season runs from April 15 to October 15, but from August 1 only four rods are licensed, at 30s. a day. Experience shows the most deadly bait to be worms and gentles—and here again the Royalty holds the Avon record for the best sea-trout: 14½ lb.

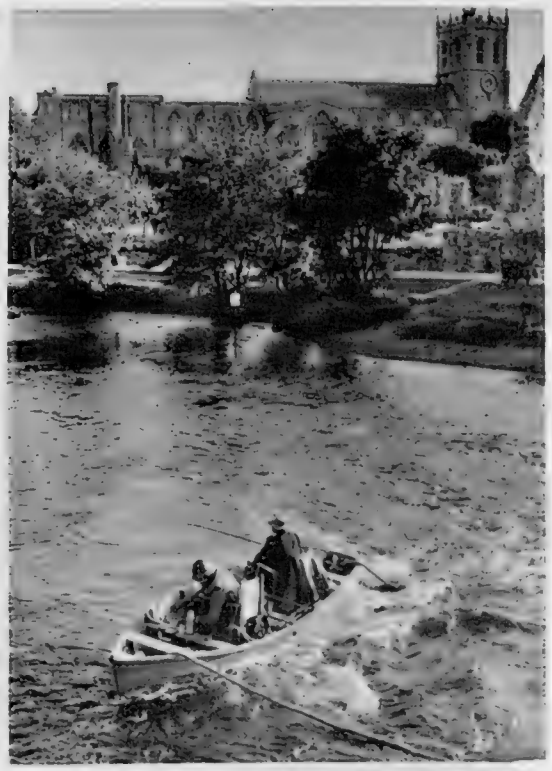
In summer the rather tense and serious atmosphere changes. It is holiday-time and the beginning of the coarse-fish season. This is one of the best coarse-fish waters in England, and from June 16 to March 15 tickets are enthusiastically bought at 7s. 6d. a day. The fish are big: a pike of 34 lb. holds the record, but a chubb of 8¼ lb., a tench of 5 lb. 7 ozs., a perch of 3¾ lb., a roach of half an ounce under 3 lb., and a dace of 1 lb. 2 ozs. are by no means to be despised. Flounders, also, and small bream, are occasionally landed, and few other waters in England can have produced fine fish so often and in such variety.

However, the king of the Avon coarse-fish is the barbel. The largest in the country are found in the Royalty—9 to 10-pounders being quite common. They are lured with bread-paste, gentles—or, most successful of all, with cheese. The national record was landed here—a monster of 14 lb. 6 ozs. This has been a record year for barbel, and only the other evening a very fine fish weighing 13 lb. 2 ozs. was recorded by the water bailiffs at Fishery House. It was at once wrapped up in many sheets of newspaper, tied to a board, and sent by passenger train to London to be stuffed. This process takes about nine months.

A famous harvest on the Avon is that of the eels. The eel-racks are at Great Weirs, and there are tanks with running water where the eels may be kept even for months if necessary. There are two main autumn "runs" when the silver eels in their thousands seek to travel fast downstream to the Solent, thence to make their way across the Atlantic to their only breeding-ground in the world, the Sargasso Sea.

Anyone who has known Christchurch and the Royalty for a number of years has noticed the great increase of swans: it is most remarkable. The birds are often in poor condition owing to shortage of their natural diet of waterweeds: there is enough for some, but not for so many. The fisherman, of course, regards them as a nuisance, since their approach frightens away the fish he has been so carefully luring to his hook, although swans do not feed on fish. Patience must be practised while the birds slowly glide by.

M. Littledale



A PEACEFUL SCENE NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE HAMPSHIRE AVON: A fisherman sits on a bank of the Royalty Fishery, which forms the last three miles of the river before it reaches Christchurch Harbour. But near by is the busy area where the Christchurch by-pass is being built.

THE REWARD OF PATIENCE AND SKILL: Mr. Frederick Cuff (left) hooked these two 20-lb. salmon. With him is Mr. J. Davies, a Royalty Fishery water bailiff, who gaffed the fish.

RIVER AND PRIORY: The Avon and the great church are the two major attractions of Christchurch. The priory was flourishing at the time of Domesday Book and the nave is a splendid example of the later Norman style.

On left—

GREAT WEIRS: Here eel-racks provide one of the famous Avon "harvests." Twice a year the traps are let down into the water to catch thousands of the fish migrating to the sea. The eels can be kept indefinitely in running-water tanks.

THE WEIGH HOUSE: Salmon and other fish are brought to this office to be weighed and recorded. The walls are decorated with tackle and gigantic catches.

A "SECOND LIFE": An undersized fish is returned to the river, according to regulations. Perhaps with his next cast the fisherman may bring in one of the many large catches for which the Avon is famous.

OPENING OF THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT

Pomp and Ceremony in the Capital of the Netherlands

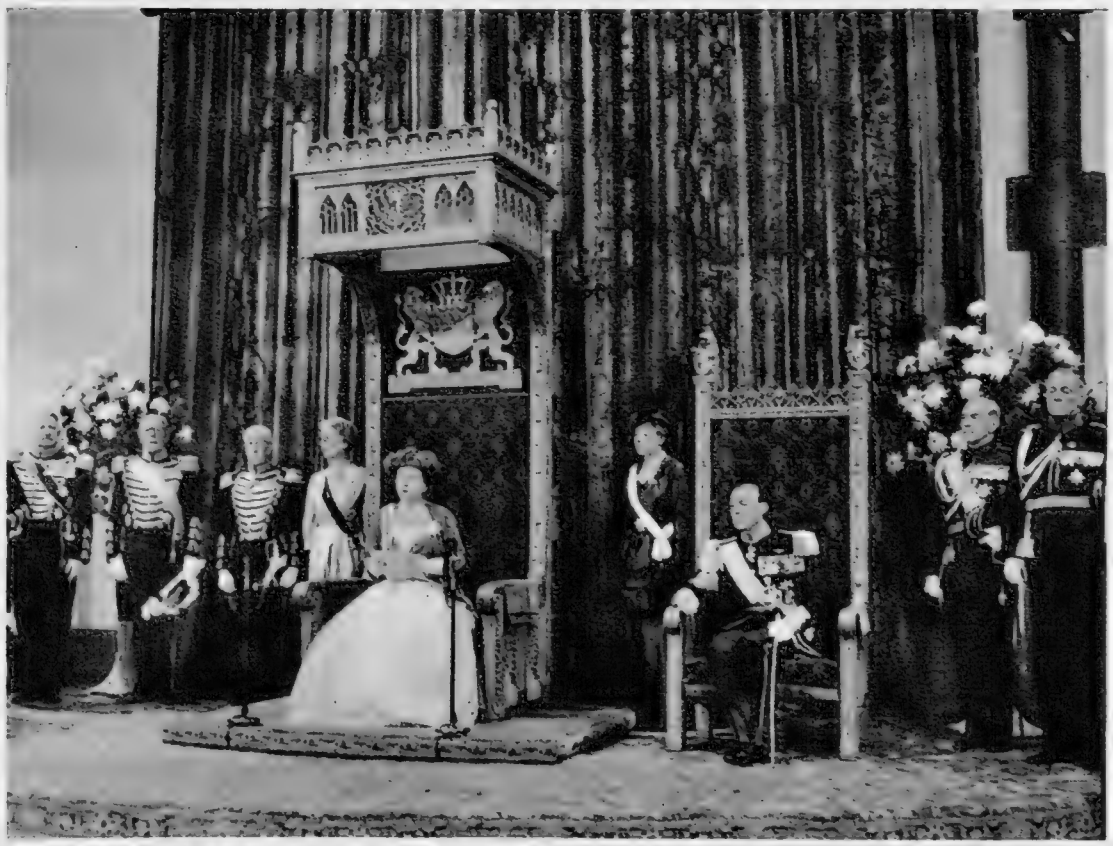
LEAVING THE ROYAL PALACE: Queen Juliana, Prince Bernhard and one of their daughters, Princess Margriet, walk down carpeted steps from the "Huis Ten Bosch" Palace, in the Hague.

All the pomp and splendour of a Constitutional Monarchy were in evidence early last week when Queen Juliana of the Netherlands formally opened the new session of the Dutch Parliament. The ceremony took place in the "Ridderzaal" (Knights' Hall) in the centre of the Parliament buildings. The hall is traditionally used for State occasions. Members of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Dutch Legislative bodies met in joint session to hear the Queen speak.

As in Great Britain, the monarch delivers the Government's proposals for legislation in the forthcoming session in the speech from the throne. In her speech the Queen said that, although Holland's prosperity and employment had been maintained at a high level foreign exchange reserves had decreased. It was therefore expedient to curtail private and public expenditure. To this end, the Government was increasing the tax on motor-cars, cigarettes and television sets.

A STATE OCCASION IN THE NETHERLANDS: Spectators crowd behind the line of soldiers as the sovereign of the Netherlands, Queen Juliana, and her husband, Prince Bernhard, ride in a golden coach drawn by eight black horses to the opening of the Dutch Parliament, at the Hague. In her speech from the throne Queen Juliana outlined the Government's proposals for legislation in the forthcoming session.

AFTER THE OPENING: Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard drive through the streets of the capital of the Netherlands in an open coach after the ceremonial opening of Parliament.



ENTHRONED IN PARLIAMENT: Queen Juliana delivers the Royal Speech from the throne in the Ridderzaal or Knights Hall of the Dutch Parliament buildings. Prince Bernhard sits on the right. For this occasion members of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Netherlands' Parliament traditionally sit together in the Ridderzaal.

A TOUR BY WATER OF THE "VENICE OF THE NORTH": Inhabitants and tourists row along the River Amstel, in Amsterdam, near the railway station, during the annual tour of the canals of the city organised by the "De Hoop" Boat Club. Amsterdam is built around the River Amstel, from which it is thought to derive its name.

The pictures on this page show an annual rowing-boat tour on two of the waterways of Amsterdam, which is generally regarded as the commercial capital of the Netherlands. It is from the network of canals and rivers that the fine Dutch city derives the title of the "Venice of the North." But, unlike Venice, the transport of Amsterdam is not confined to water. Visitors to this large port cannot fail to notice the great number of bicycles in the streets.

There are nearly eighty canals in Amsterdam and they are crossed by over 300 bridges. The ancient buildings towering over the narrow waterways in some of the older areas of the city are also reminiscent of Venice. Another similarity between the two cities is their wonderful collections of works of art.

The "*Rijksmuseum*" is perhaps the most famous art gallery in Holland—it is especially rich in the pictures by the great Dutch masters of the seventeenth century—but there are some forty other museums in the city.

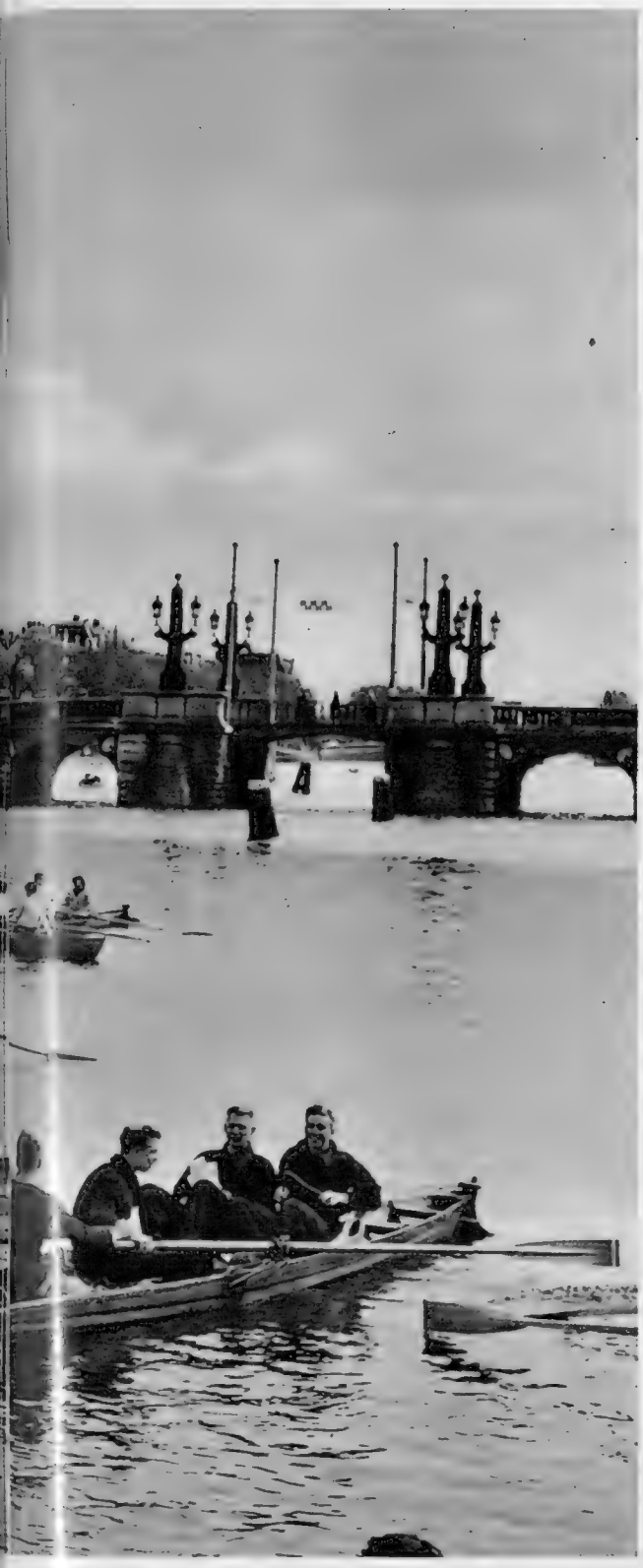
When the first builders started to construct Amsterdam the site was a fen; and the city is built on piles. The oldest districts lie round the "Dam," the great square in the centre. Later extensions are marked by concentric crescents of canals lined with houses. These form the chief structural lines of the city. The harbour was redesigned and extended towards the end of the last century. The repair of war damage, after the heavy bombing suffered during the last war, was carried out with considerable speed.

WATERWAYS, DOMES AND TOWERS

Rowing in Amsterdam; Repairs in Venice; and a New Top to the Eiffel Tower

On left—

A TRAFFIC JAM ON A CANAL: Oars clash and are shipped as boats approach a narrow bridge across the Herengracht Canal, in Amsterdam, during an annual tour organised there by the "De Hoop" Boat Club. The rowing boats taking part in the tour are of several different types, including coxed pairs, coxed fours, skiffs, and tubs.



A ROOF-TOPS VIEW OF VENICE: Steeplejacks work from the scaffolding on a dome (on right) of St. Mark's Cathedral, in Venice. These beautiful domes are annually overhauled. A Greek cross is formed by the five domes, all of which are richly decorated in gold and mosaics. The Cathedral itself, which is largely Byzantine in nature, originated from a brick basilica built in 976. As it is to-day, the church took 700 years to complete. Since the Venetians had no local building materials—the city is built on sand—they had to import vast quantities of stone. It was found easier to bring it in already worked than rough-hewn. Much of the material came from cities destroyed by Saracen invaders. Later it was decreed that all Venetian vessels trading with the East should return with stones in their cargoes to embellish their city. Thus it was the custom for each merchant ship to carry two stones, one for St. Mark's and one for the Doge's Palace. This helps to account for the wonderfully variegated patterns in the walls of the Cathedral of St. Mark.

On left—

A NEW APEX FOR THE EIFFEL TOWER: High above Paris men work on the tower, constructing a new top for the famous landmark in the French capital. This will be a television aerial for the French Radio Organisation, adding 25 ft. to the 1,000-ft.-height of the monument.

IN SCOTLAND'S FAR NORTH

Comparisons Between the Two Counties of Sutherland and Caithness

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE counties of Sutherland and Caithness, which sit side by side across the far northern edge of Scotland, are as different the one from the other as is rock-and-roll from a funeral cortège. This difference is not simply that one, Sutherland, is a highland county, while the other, Caithness, is a lowland county. It is not simply that the one is wildly beautiful, the other rather dull and tidy. It goes much deeper than that.

Sutherland is the fifth largest county in Scotland, but it has a population of only about 13,000. This, I am told, works out at rather fewer than eight human beings to the square mile. I have not checked this—I am no good at mathematics, anyway—but travelling through Sutherland, even in early September (which is a tourist month), you would, I feel sure, be prepared to bet that it is a gross exaggeration. You can travel for mile after mile on what are described as A roads (I think this must be because there are not any B roads ; anything that is not an A road, so-called, is a lane or a track) and not see a soul. And this is not because all the population is crowded into the towns. There are no towns, properly speaking, in Sutherland. Dornoch is, I suppose, the county town, and that has a population of fewer than 1,000. Golspie, which is the administrative headquarters and, with a population of about 1,300, the largest place in the county, is aptly described as a "fishing village" by Muirhead. No, there just are not the people.

IN THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF SCOTLAND: A steamer is about to enter Scrabster Harbour, near Thurso, in Caithness. Thurso is the most northerly town in Britain. *On right*—The ruins of Castle Girnigoe tower above the cliffs at Wick.

The reasons for this are historical. The story of the clearance of the Sutherland highlands well over a century ago by the then Duke of Sutherland is well known and need not be repeated here. It was a terrible, a barbaric, business. It is difficult now to understand how the Duke, who seems really to have been a kindly and enlightened man, could have countenanced it at all. But he was persuaded by his factor, a man named Loch, that sheep would be more profitable than men. So the crofts were destroyed and the glens let to graziers at big rents. The graziers put nothing back into the land, and when the sheep had ruined the grazings (which did not take so very long), they left. Economically it was a disaster. And the result can still be seen to-day, a century later. With very few exceptions the glens of Sutherland lie waste.

Sutherland is, in fact, a desolate but incredibly beautiful county. And it lives, broadly speaking, on tourists and death—fishing and shooting and stalking. (I wonder if anyone has ever counted the pictures of bleeding birds, dead fish and dying deer—has ever counted the antlers—that decorate the walls of Highland hotels ?) And let it be said at once, that Sutherland caters for its tourists magnificently.

Touring the Atlantic coasts of Sutherland, both west and north, you will come to a little village (a hamlet really) and there will be a hotel. In a place of similar size in England there would be no attempt whatever to put up a visitor. Some of these hotels are in the A.A. book and some are not. But all are spotlessly clean (all those that I have visited, anyway) and some are quite exceptionally good. I was particularly struck by this along the north coast—the coast which is often, inaccurately, said to face the Pentland Firth—because this is pretty well a deserted coast, yet along it, in places which scarcely deserve the title of village, there are some remarkably good hotels. They provide enormous meals and a wonderfully courteous service at prices which would make any English seaside landlady go and jump off the pier.

There is another thing which one cannot help noticing at these remote hotels : the all-powerful colonial spirit of the English. Where there are no English visitors (I came across only one such place), there is a Highland code of etiquette. Where there are English visitors, you are greeted with true Highland courtesy, but the moment you walk into the lounge you walk into an English suburban drawing-room (also known as a lounge now). Nothing has been changed : the furniture is just as it always is, but another code of manners has been imposed. The English tourist makes no attempt to fit into the background of the country he visits : he takes Bath or Birmingham, Hampstead or Hull, Yeovil or York along with him. It is this characteristic which, more than any other, built the British Empire. We no longer have an Empire, but we are all, men and women, natural Empire-builders.

The whole of the far northern coastline of Scotland from Cape Wrath to Duncansby Head is magnificent. Some thirty years ago I walked this length, rather more than 120 miles, and in that time it has altered hardly at all, though the roads are rather better from the motorist's point of view. The country inland is desolate and deserted, a vast expanse of rock and bog, not really very high (though some of the gradients on the road are steep enough) and pretty well treeless. It is lumpy country, so that the mountains seem to stand up abruptly from what is almost a plain and are, therefore, all the more impressive. This is country I never weary of. But I have met many who find the miles and miles of reddish, undulating moorland oppressive and who sense hostility in the symmetrical cluster of granite peaks that is Ben Loyal, in the quartzite peaks of the Reay Forest. Perhaps it is all a little too primitive for spirits attuned to pavement and ferro-concrete, but no one, surely, would deny it beauty.

The cliffs at Cape Wrath are just over 500 ft. high and precipitous. The rocks are gneiss generously shot with pink pegmatite and glow in the sunlight. The view to the east is enormous, for you can see Strathy Point and far away to the left of it (it must be at least sixty miles) the grey blur of the cliffs of Hoy, in Orkney. On a good day you can see North Rona and the Butt of Lewis to the west. Further on, all the way from Durness to Tongue (a delightful village with some trees) you pass bay after bay floored with fine silver-white sand derived from the quartzite, and so you come to the Old Red Sandstone. Here the sea has eaten in, and there are many caves and buttresses and stacks. Indeed, some of the finest and highest stacks in Britain are near Duncansby Head. But it is from Dunnet Head that you get the best view across the eight miles of the Pentland Firth to the Orkneys, the narrow strait which is famed for the pace of its tides (round about 8 to 10 knots) and the treachery of its currents.

All this, of course, is in Caithness. And you know you are in Caithness long before you come to Thurso. The coast is not so different (except in colour) and there are the same small and rather bleak fishing villages, but the roads are certainly better, the crofts jostle one another, and the people are quite different. Perhaps the farming is not of a very high standard ; perhaps the pastures do look a bit too permanent, but this is agricultural land, which Sutherland is not. And the people are quite different. They are Scots, of course, but they are neither highland nor lowland Scots. Somehow they give the impression of being Scots by adoption. They are much more akin to the Orcadian or to the Shetlander. When I cross the Caithness border I have the feeling that I have moved out of Scotland proper.

Coming from Sutherland by road this feeling is heightened by the fact that you come to a town. Thurso has a population of only some 3,000, but it is very definitely a town; a pleasant, grey place, well-built and picturesque, with a charming paved promenade. The curving High Street and the small St. John's Square give the impression of a market town, and there is about the whole place an air of quiet prosperity. But there is something more—something of the atmosphere of a capital city. Perhaps this is because it is the most northerly town in Britain ; perhaps it is because so many people from far afield come here to take the steamer to Orkney and the hotels have a sort of metropolitan air about them, which consorts oddly with the very warm welcome they give you ; perhaps it is because Thurso is very, very old and was once very important. Whatever it is, it is there. Thurso is a very difficult place to get to. Because of this atmosphere, I find it a still more difficult place to leave.

But some others do not. I overheard a woman say to her husband : "Let 's go back. There 's nothing here but scenery." She had come a long way to find that out, for the voice was the voice of a Cockney. And her husband, poor chap, wanted to go to Orkney.

MILITARY VEHICLES FOR SCRAP METAL

Dumps of Army Equipment in Hamburg for Shipment to Britain

The first stage in the decline of a military vehicle is when it becomes what is called in Army parlance "B.L.R." The initials stand for Beyond Local Repair. This does not mean that the life of a truck or carrier is over. But it does require specialised attention beyond the resources of local military mechanics and will have to be sent to a fully-equipped base or regional workshop. There the craftsmen of the technical corps can often work wonders and, as a result of their skill, the vehicle may have several more years of useful and efficient service. Nevertheless, inevitably a day must come when the vehicle declines to the final Army classification—"B.E.R.," or Beyond Economic Repair. From this point matters pass out of the hands of the Army into those of Government departments or officially recognised trading organisations.

There are various procedures for the disposal of stock which is useless to the military but can still be of value for civilian purposes. If it can have no other function, much of the framework of a vehicle can be broken up into scrap. In Britain the Ministry of Supply may dispose of the stock by auction or by tender. Overseas, for the most part the scrap is handled by the British Iron and Steel Corporation, who are the importers of scrap and other materials for the British steel ingot-makers. This is what happens with B.E.R. vehicles in Germany. The Corporation has its yards in Hamburg, where the vehicles are broken up and then shipped to Britain. In this country the metal is then allocated to the various steel-makers.

Thus it could be argued that military transports, like the old soldiers they carry, "never die." For the scrap going into the furnaces in one of the plants in, say, the North of England, may emerge as new steel, which may possibly be incorporated in a new carrier or truck for the British Army. Whatever happens, this system of disposing of the Army's scrapped materials ensures a minimum of waste and the creation out of the old of something new.

A DUMP OF BRITISH ARMY VEHICLES "BEYOND ECONOMIC REPAIR" WAITING TO BE BROKEN-UP IN HAMBURG: Bren-gun carriers and wheeled vehicles are piled up in the West German port. They will be broken up and shipped as scrap to Britain by the British Iron and Steel Corporation, who are the importers of scrap and other material for the British steel ingot-makers.

MATERIAL FOR BRITISH STEEL FURNACES: German goods wagons pass before the mound of miscellaneous vehicles. The wheels of many have been removed and from the remaining bodies much can be extracted to serve steel furnaces in Great Britain.

THE LAST STAGE OF DECLINE: On the truck at the bottom are stencilled the initials "B.L.R." which stand for Beyond Local Repair. In fact, all these vehicles in Hamburg have declined a stage further to B.E.R. (Beyond Economic Repair).

THREE OF THE LARGEST DELTA-WINGED AEROPLANES IN THE WORLD FLY IN FORMATION ABOVE ENGLAND: The Avro Vulcan "flying triangle" bombers come from the R.A.F.'s first Vulcan base at Waddington, in Lincolnshire. No. 617 Squadron, R.A.F., the famous "Dam-Buster" squadron, is to be re-formed and equipped with Vulcans.

VULCANS IN R.A.F. SERVICE

The First Base for the Delta Bombers

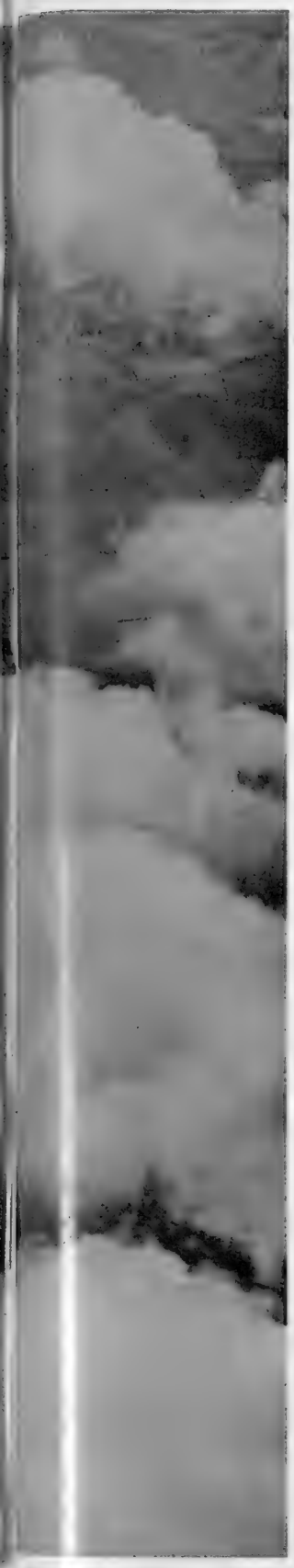
EXAMINING THE JET INTAKES: L.A.C. Scruton and Corporal P. Wilkinson inspect the vital jet intakes of a Vulcan to look for cracks in this part of the aircraft's structure.

Mr. C. I. Orr-Ewing, Under-Secretary of State for Air, last week visited the R.A.F. station at Waddington, in Lincolnshire, Britain's first base for Vulcan bombers. Here crews are being trained in the handling of the delta-winged "flying triangles." The course lasts six weeks and in the latter part there is a great deal of night flying.

One of the most interesting statements made by Mr. Orr-Ewing at Waddington was that the "Dam-Busters"—the immortal 617 Squadron—are to be re-formed early next year to fly these latest aircraft of Bomber Command. They will be based on their old home at Scampton, also in Lincolnshire. It was from there that the late Wing-Commander Guy Gibson led his aircraft on the epic raid which successfully breached the Möhne and the Eder dams in Germany, a feat which was regarded as almost impossible. For his leadership Wing-Commander Gibson was awarded the Victoria Cross. Another famous 617 Squadron operation was the sinking of the *Tirpitz* in Alten Fjord, in Norway. The unit was disbanded about two years ago. Now it is to be re-formed, all will agree with Mr. Orr-Ewing when he said: "I am sure 617's history will be enhanced further by getting these fine aircraft."

Vulcans will be seen in America next month. With their fellow "V" bombers in service, the Valiants, they are to engage in bombing, reconnaissance and navigation contests against the latest aircraft of the United States Air Force. After that they will take part in the fly-past for the Queen during her visit to the Festival at Jamestown, in Virginia.

The four-jet Vulcans, built by the Avro Company, are the largest delta-winged aircraft in the world. They are designed to fly at great altitudes and within a fraction of the speed of sound. A Vulcan crew consists of five: two pilots, two navigators and an air electronics officer. Nuclear bombs can be carried.



COMING IN TO LAND : With wheels and flaps down and its air-brake (in rear) in operation, a Vulcan returns to base. Next month these bombers, with Valiants (another of the "V" class), are to take part in bombing, reconnaissance and navigation contests against the U.S.A.F. in the United States. They will also participate in the fly-past in honour of the Queen when she visits Jamestown, Virginia.

VULCAN BOMBERS READY TO TAKE-OFF ON A TRAINING FLIGHT : The delta-winged aircraft stand on the runway at Waddington. This is the Royal Air Force station where crews are being trained to fly these near-supersonic bombers. *On left*—A picture of one of the aircraft being serviced in a hangar gives some idea of the gigantic proportions of these bombers which are capable of carrying nuclear weapons.

THEATRE OF ENCHANTMENT: The Gaiety is seen at the time of *Our Miss Gibbs* which opened in January 1909 and ran for 636 performances. The theatre was closed in 1938. It was the second "Gaiety" theatre and was opened in 1903. It is being demolished to make way for a new office building.

THE THEATRE OF HENRY IRVING: The Lyceum, a near neighbour of the Gaiety, was closed in 1939, but reopened as a dance hall in 1945. In addition to its many productions, the Lyceum is remembered for its annual pantomime.

THE LIGHTS GO OUT

Memories of Theatres Which are Disappearing from the London Scen

By W. MACQUEEN-POPE

THAT auctioneer's cry of "Going, going, gone . . ." is very true concerning theatres in London and in the rest of the country. Few people realise the rapidity with which our playhouses are becoming things of the past, soon forgotten, save for a faithful few who retain memories of the nights of gladness those places provided. In London alone, since 1938, no fewer than twelve have gone and others are threatened. None has been rebuilt or replaced—although the Queen's, not included in the dozen, may resume its work of entertainment.

Those gone or going for good are the Gaiety, Royalty, Lyceum, Shaftesbury, Grafton, Playhouse, Little, Kingsway, Stoll, Hippodrome, Holborn Empire, and the fate of the St. James's hovers in the balance. It was the uproar concerning this last-named theatre of great traditions which really brought the matter before the eyes of the public—always apathetic where theatres are concerned.

All I can do here is to give a little salute to those old friends who did so much in their time to brighten our lives—when perhaps we lived a wider, freer life and were not given to sitting in a darkened room, watching a little glow in a corner and thinking it fine entertainment.

It can only be a glimpse of each place, a story or two to bring those old places to life for a moment—and then to . . . switch on the television and see what the cowboys and crooks of the great Western democracy are up to. Let us take a glance backwards . . .

The Gaiety—theatre of enchantment—closed down in 1938 to make way for an ambitious road-clearance scheme envisaged by the London County Council. With it went what had been the brightest spot in London. In Edwardian times it had been very bright indeed. The Gaiety glittered like a diamond and swished like silk. Under the command of the great George Edwardes it did musical comedies (written in this country and imported by America with avidity). There glittered Gertie Millar, the greatest star of musical comedy the world ever knew; George Grossmith, the male embodiment of what the Gaiety stood for—as was Gertie Millar on the feminine side; Connie Ediss, the Marie Lloyd of the musical comedy stage, and Edmund Payne, with the curious lisp and the comic face—a genuinely funny man who never had to be vulgar. That was the team which made the Gaiety so famous. Later, to gild its closing years, came another group of immortals—Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Brown and Leslie Henson.

But perhaps the most abiding memory of that place is the Gaiety Girls, still remembered by those who never even knew them—for the real Gaiety Girl vanished with the First World War and the death of George Edwardes. It is impossible to describe them: they were people apart, the most famous girls in the world. They had the enchantment of the place about them and they added their own quota to it.

Other theatres had lovely girls; there are lovely girls now. But they are not Gaiety Girls, for they were unique. Such women will never come again. And no more will the stage door Johnnies gather at that gateway of romance which was the Gaiety stage door. They were not the foolish, foppish young men so many people believe them to have been, but fine young chaps, masculine and well-bred, whose idea of heaven was to take a Gaiety Girl out to sup—and how right they were! They are gone, and no more will the Gaiety Girls light the nights of London with radiance as they float down the Strand to the Theatre of Enchantment. Now typewriters are to click and tycoons telephone . . .

The little Royalty in Dean Street vanished almost unrecorded and almost unlamented. Yet it had a long and colourful history which can only be briefly related here. Built first by an actress, Fanny Kelly, in 1840, it had a strange up-and-down history. Yet there Sir Charles Wyndham made his first London appearance; there the Gilbert and Sullivan operas burst upon us with *Trial by Jury* in 1875; there Ibsen's *Ghosts* was first played in English in 1891. Later memories include that lovely play, *Milestones*, and *The Man Who Stayed at Home* during the Vedrenne-Eadie regime. It had two ghosts of its own—a lady of the Queen Anne period who vanished in the vestibule with a shriek (the bones of a woman were found below the spot) and a very real-looking pretty little elderly Victorian lady with a bright smile and ringlets whom thousands of people claimed to have seen!

The Lyceum is a dance-hall nowadays and has started thereby a career which approximates to its earliest days. It housed, when first built, an exhibition of pictures from which sprang the Royal Academy. Then it passed into the hands of a Strand tailor, who let it out for balls, masques, dances, and various entertainments which included the Musical Glasses, phantasmagoria, a white negress and a porcupine man and, in 1802, Madame Tussaud's waxworks' first London showing. It went through many phases, as opera house and theatre, and was the scene of the last performance of Madame Vestris.

Greatness came upon it through Sir Henry Irving, who made it his home and there raised our stage to a greater height than it had ever known before. Now dance music again fills the air . . .

THE THEATRE ON THE EMBANKMENT: The Playhouse, which the author describes as a charming and comfortable theatre, is now used as a studio for the B.B.C. It is remembered for its associations with Cyril Maude, and its comedies.

The Shaftesbury was bombed and the site is still derelict. No other theatre will arise there. Opened in 1888, it was not a lucky theatre, yet it saw that great drama, *The Middleman*, and the first London production of *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Success came when a company of American artists with an American musical comedy crept into London in 1898. Everyone said they were

IN KINGSWAY AND THE WEST END: On the left is the Stoll, which originally opened as the London Opera House, and on the right is the London Hippodrome. After the war the Stoll was used for ice shows. Since then its productions have included ballet as well as musicals. The Hippodrome, near Leicester Square, is now a show and supper house.

"LONDON'S REAL MUSIC HALL": That was the proud claim of the Holborn Empire which was destroyed during the war. The poster at the top of the building reads: "Variety at night is good for you."

THE FATE OF THE ST. JAMES'S HOVERS IN THE BALANCE: It was the uproar over the St. James's which focussed attention on the number of London theatres which have closed recently. Since 1938 twelve have gone or are threatened. In more than 120 years' history many of the greatest actors, actresses and playwrights have been associated with the St. James's.

foredoomed to failure, but the night after they opened they were famous. *The Belle of New York* ran for 697 performances and Edna May was the idol of London. The first all-black show, *In Dahomey*, was there in 1903, and in 1909 came the immortal *The Arcadians*.

The Grafton, in Tottenham Court Road, requires only just a reference, but the Playhouse, with its memories of the gracious days of Cyril Maude and delightful evenings of comedy—and *The Flag Lieutenant*—makes one regret that it is now a B.B.C. studio. Once Charing Cross Station fell on it, but it survived. It was a charming and comfortable theatre. The Little Theatre, in John Adam Street, Adelphi, was bombed, too. It had been Coutt's Bank, whose strong-rooms became the dressing-rooms. One recalls the Grand Guignol and those gay Farjeon revues.

The Kingsway suffered war damage. It had had a chequered career until remodelled by Lena Ashwell, who lent it her own distinction. *Diana of Dobsons*, *The Great Adventure* and *Marigold* are its brightest memories. But let us salute the passing of the Holborn Empire. It was a real music-hall, which kept its flag flying until a German bomb destroyed it. Its skeleton, masked by hoardings, will soon surrender to Big Business. Once it was Weston's, and the home of the great Stead, then the Royal Holborn, where *The Fighting Parson* brought fame and every star appeared, and finally the Holborn Empire.

And now to those which are going and almost gone. The London Hippodrome becomes a show and supper house, thus moving right back to the origin of music-hall. Opened in 1900 as a circus with a stage, it was a vast success. Spectacle and water shows vied with music-hall stars, and Marceline the Clown seemed like a visitor from Outer Space, a joyous fragment of starry laughter. Next came great revues when De Courville and Julian Wylie held its stage—*Hullo Ragtime*, *Round in Fifty*, and many more. Ethel Levey, George Robey, Harry Tate were all Hippodrome names. Then it became a theatre and great musical comedies reigned—*Sunny*, *Mercenary Mary*, *Hit the Deck*. Binnie Hale, Bobbie Howes, Jack Buchanan, Anna Neagle, Sidney Howard, were all Hippodrome stars.

Of the Stoll Theatre, which started as the London Opera House, then took to revue and pantomime, then to films and succeeded, then to stage shows without much success—though *Kismet* recently is a golden patch—a personal memory must suffice. The First World War had just broken out. The Germans were swarming across Belgium. C. B. Cochran took the London Opera House, as it then was, to stage a patriotic play called *England Expects*. To boost it, the night before production, there was a monster meeting, to be addressed by Horatio Bottomley. Admission being free, the crowds surged in. In the vestibule a Guards band played martial music, but one doubts if it really was a Guards band because if so it is unlikely that the trombonist's trousers would have fallen down round his ankles, showing dirty woollen underpants just as the people flocked in.

Inside, the crowd hushed as spellbinder Bottomley rose to address them. After referring to Germany as the "Mad Dog of Europe," he proceeded to lay down his terms of peace. The German Fleet should be sunk in the Atlantic by the guns of the British Navy—roars of cheers; the fair provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, torn from the bleeding side of France, should be restored to the motherland—loud cheers; and so on for about ten items, when a rather tired but very clear voice from the gallery said, "Now let 's get on with the b——y war!" Roars of laughter. Bottomley sat down.

The show was produced. A scene depicted Horse Guards Parade. Isobel Elsom sang "We Don't Want to Lose You, But We Think You Ought to Go." On the stage were actors as recruiting officers, and from the auditorium surged "supers" at a shilling a show—allegedly eager to enlist. But among them was a gentleman filled with the spirit of patriotism—and other spirit, too. He really wanted to enlist. Of course, they couldn't do it. He was furious. He stopped the show. He denounced the whole thing to the audience, who thoroughly enjoyed it all and cheered him. He was removed, protesting, by the police. The play went on. We saw the British Army—fifty strong and largely composed of Highlanders—marching as to war. We saw them clash with the wicked Germans, and it became apparent that however warlike the Germans might be, they were rotten shots, for although they were mown down by the British, hardly a gallant British soldier fell. Then the ammunition gave out. The battle proceeded by means of clicks and still the Germans died—presumably from fright. At last the audience went home—sore with laughing. They didn't want to lose anything but they thought they ought to go.

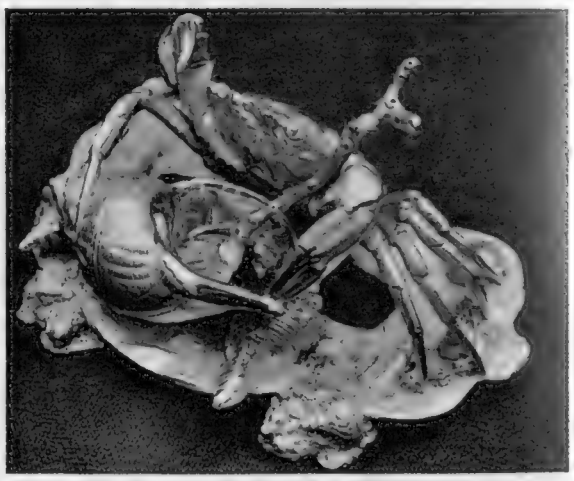
And the St. James's? It is still *sub judice*, so it must be left at that. But, one fears, that theatre of distinction belonged to other days. Can it survive in a jet-propelled era—when distinction means little and ugliness, speed and internationalism means so much? One can only hope, and regret, and remember . . . the Kendals, Hare, Alexander . . . things of Yesterday, of illusion fading before the materialism of to-day. But still, let us remember. It is all we old ones can do.

A RACING CUP OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: It forms part of a collection of English silver covering the period from 1660 to 1830, which has been assembled at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, for a touring exhibition of cities on the Continent. The racing cup, which has been lent by the Marquess of Zetland, is dated 1770. It was designed by Robert Adam and has a frieze and medallions, showing jockeys saddling up and racing. The cup was won by *Denmark* at Richmond Races in 1770. The collection is the most important and valuable exhibition of English silver which has ever been sent abroad. It consists of 104 pieces and is valued at £85,000. In addition to the pieces which have been loaned by the Queen the exhibition includes selections from a number of collections.

ENGLISH SILVER ON TOUR

An Exhibition Includes Pieces from the Royal Collection

FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTION: Dominating the scene is the wall sconce dated 1670; alongside, on the right, is a sauce-boat dated 1742. In the front row, from the left, are: a porringer and stand of the late seventeenth century; a salt-cellar in the form of a crab on a rocky base set with shells (1742), and another porringer and stand (1763). All are in silver-gilt. *On right*—**A close-up of the salt-cellar. It was made for George II's son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1742 by Nicholas Sprimont, a Frenchman living in England who later became head of the famous Chelsea porcelain factory. The exhibition of silver has been arranged by the British Council. It will be seen in Amsterdam (October 12-November 17), Rome (November 23-January 12) and Geneva (January 18-February 23).**



COMPARISON IN SIZE: *Left*—**One of the most striking pieces in the exhibition is the centrepiece which has been lent by the Marquess of Ormonde. It was made by the Regency silversmith Paul Storr, for Rundell, Bridge and Rundell (the Royal Goldsmiths to George III and IV), and was based on a design by John Flaxman, R.A.** *Right*—**The tankard, lent by the Earl of Lonsdale, is dated 1675, and the engravings represent the burial of victims of the Plague of 1665 and of the Great Fire. It was made for Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, the magistrate, to whom Titus Oates made his depositions concerning the "Popish Plot" to assassinate the King and set up a Roman Catholic Government. In 1678 Godfrey was found murdered on Primrose Hill, run through by his own sword.**

A SEE-SAW FOR THE QUEEN'S CHILDREN: While the Queen looks on, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, rocks a see-saw for Prince Charles and Princess Anne during their visit to the farm and sawmill on the Balmoral Castle Estate in Scotland. The tour was made during the Royal Family's Scottish holiday, which the Queen and the Duke had interrupted to travel south to London for the opening of the Conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union. Shortly after the return to Balmoral the Queen, watched by other members of the Royal Family, unveiled a marble bust of her father, King George VI, which has been placed in Crathie Church. This is the church where the Royal Family normally worship during their stay at Balmoral castle. The bust of the late king is the fourth Royal memorial to be placed inside the building.

INFORMAL MOMENTS: *Left*—Prince Charles tries his hand at the lever of a circular saw in the mill of the forestry plantation. In the background Princess Anne decides that the noise made by the saw is too much and puts her hands to her ears. *Right*—The young Prince chases a run-away calf on the dairy farm of the Balmoral Castle Estate.

ROYAL HOLIDAY

The Queen and Her Family Tour the Balmoral Castle Estate During Their Stay in Scotland.

TOURING THE ESTATE: The children have a brisk walk with their parents. The Queen and the Duke interrupted their holiday again this week to accompany Prince Charles to his new school near Newbury, in Berkshire. He is now a boarder at Cheam School, which the Duke attended when the school was in Surrey. The Queen and the Duke are expected to stay at Balmoral until next week, when they return to London before setting out for their visits to Canada and the United States.

The Sphere of Travel

HOME OF THE CONQUISTADORES

Extremadura is a Little-known Region of Spain Which is Rich in Places of Archæological, Historical and Artistic Importance

By GORDON COOPER

LIKE George Borrow, I entered Extremadura, that vast region of Western Spain which lies between Castile and Andalusia, from Elvas, in Portugal, coming first to Badajoz, three miles from the frontier. Unlike the famous writer, I was neither engaged in the sale of the Scriptures, nor particularly interested in the "affairs of Egypt"—a subject which occupies almost exclusively the pages he devotes to this part of the country in *The Bible in Spain*. My own purpose was merely the curiosity of a traveller; a curiosity to see the countryside, its people, its outstanding Roman remains at Merida, its ancient towns, and to visit the important monasteries of Yuste and Guadalupe. My journey turned out to be most rewarding. Nevertheless, I would point out that in a limited time a car is to be recommended. The state of the roads is good, but public transport is definitely leisurely, and often inconvenient.

Extremadura's landscapes are of severe beauty, with rolling plains interspersed with valleys and hills. It is a panorama of ample horizons and one can well understand how in the past it conditioned its sons to a spirit of adventure. This was surely the urge which sent to America, over four centuries ago, men of the stamina of Pedro de Alvarado, Francisco Pizarro and Hernando Cortes.

Badajoz has had a long and illustrious history, dating back to prehistoric times, but the town reached its maximum importance under the Moors. In ensuing centuries its situation was the cause of many battles, including the successful siege by Wellington in 1812. History apart, its appeal to the sightseer to-day is limited to the Alcazaba, which stands at its highest point, and the cathedral, built in several architectural styles.

By train, it is only sixteen miles from Badajoz to Merida. Travelling unwittingly on one of the slowest trains in Spain, the journey took me nearly four hours. However, we arrived on time. Fortunately, I found lodgings in the state-run Parador, which is installed in a completely modernised medieval convent. This comfortable hotel contrasted strangely with my fifty-year-old Baedeker's "dirty fonda," and I did not find the town to be particularly "poverty-stricken." Even in Spain, physical and economic conditions seem to have changed drastically in the last fifty years.

The stamp of Imperial Rome is deeply imprinted in the stones and marbles of Merida. No other Spanish town offers such a rich, and almost dazzling, collection of Roman monuments; no other evokes so vividly the spirit and greatness of those times. Recent excavations have made it possible for the visitor to admire a peerless collection of Roman imperial remains there, for this city, the Roman *Emerita Augusta*, now clearly shows its splendour in those far-off days.

The bridge across the Guadiana, which is more than half a mile long and leads into the city, was built in the time of Trajan. Not much remains of the forum or the amphitheatre, but the Roman theatre which seated 5,000 is in a much better state of preservation, and is still used for festival performances. I climbed to the highest seats, thus getting a magnificent view of the town. It was built by Agrippa during the reign of Augustus and is divided into seven parts, which gave it the name *Las Siete Sillas*. The stage is of grand proportions, and some of the columns are carved with the names of masons who cut them long ago.

Some forty miles north of Merida is Caceres, where several civilisations have left their imprint on the town and its surroundings. Originally an Iberian settlement, then a Roman camp and colony, it was also a place of importance in the Middle Ages. I was surprised and delighted by the Old Town with its squares steeped in a profound silence, palaces mellowed by the passage of centuries, and solidly-built houses. Feudal Caceres achieves here all its power of evoking the past. The Renaissance church of San Mateo, formerly a mosque, and the Gothic Santa Maria la Mayor are of outstanding appeal, while the church of Santiago, outside the walls, treasures an admirable fourteenth-century crucifix known as "*Cristo de los Milagros*." Among the palaces, the most famous is the Casa de los Golfines, a fortified structure showing a curious mixture of Plateresque and Mudejar styles.

The whole province of Caceres is also rich in places of artistic, archæological and historical importance. Alcantara is famous for its Roman bridge, dating from the times of the Emperor Trajan, with a triumphal arch in its centre. Six hundred feet long and rising 180 feet above the Tagus River, it is perhaps the most impressive of all Roman engineering feats.

Coria and Hervas are two other minor towns of artistic interest, while Plasencia, said to be the home of the parents of Columbus, has a fine fifteenth-century cathedral, with magnificent choir stalls. The whole of the old town will please the stroller, and the view of it from outside is one of the most pleasing in Spain; here river, rock and mountain, city, castle and aqueduct—under a sky of purest ultra-marine—combine to enchant the traveller.

Thirty miles east of Caceres is Trujillo (the Roman *Turris Julia*), a somewhat decayed town, yet several of the houses, really palaces, are evidence of the opulence of their owners in the distant past, adventurers who returned from America laden with the spoils of conquest. It was here that Pizarro was born, and his family home still stands. In the Plaza Mayor, a typical Spanish square dating from the sixteenth century, there is a fine equestrian statue of the conqueror of Peru. In the Church of Santa Maria de la Concepcion you can see his tomb. As readers of Prescott know, this fierce, false, cruel, yet most daring and energetic man quarrelled with Amalgro and put him to death, but was himself assassinated at Lima by the latter's party.

I found Trujillo fascinating, with its memories of the past glorious deeds. In the Church of Santa Maria la Mayor, for instance, there is the tomb of James Wall, a brave soldier who was reputed to be of such great strength that he could stop a windmill with a single finger. Outside the town I saw a well 30 ft. wide, over which this Hercules is said to have jumped forwards and backwards. The castle, too, of this town is well preserved. But only inn accommodation is available.

From Plasencia (a good base from which to explore the northern part of the province of Caceres), a visit can be made to the monastery of Yuste, where the Holy Roman Emperor, Charles V, on his abdication, retired for eighteen months before his death in 1558. It is not difficult to understand why he chose the impressive loneliness of Yuste. Several years after his death, his mortal remains were transferred to the Monastery of the Escurial. But in the mutilated cloisters and within the ruined walls of Yuste, the shadow of the Emperor remains.

Of far greater artistic importance, however, is the famous Monastery of Guadalupe, one of the outstanding goals of pilgrims in Spain. It is difficult to reach, except by car, for it lies well off the beaten track. I came to it from Trujillo, continuing on to Oropesa, where there is a really marvellous Parador, housed in a medieval castle. Guadalupe itself has only simple accommodation.

To me, Guadalupe is the most beautiful and inspiring shrine in Spain. Hidden away in a thickly-wooded valley, the beginnings of this monastery date back to the thirteenth century, when a shepherd lost one of his cows. Three days later, he found it dead, but just as he was about to skin it, the cow returned to life. The Virgin was between the horns of the animal and she told the man that an image of hers was buried nearby. When the shepherd told this news to the priests, they unearthed the image and built a chapel for it. Thus started the cult of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

For centuries the monastery received the protection of kings. Famous military commanders went there to make homage after their victories. From the original chapel an enormous monastery, built like a fortified castle, has grown. Within are beautiful cloisters, one of which is in the Gothic style, and the other in Mudejar. The church contains many works of art, as well as the image of the Virgin, said to have been carved by St. Mark, before which King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella (the "Catholic Sovereigns"), Columbus, Charles V, Cortes and Philip II have worshipped. One day, too, Cervantes arrived at this Sanctuary, alone and weary, to leave the chains he had worn as a slave in Algeria. The monastery has a treasure, guarded in a huge vault, which defies description.

While my own itinerary brought me from Portugal to Madrid, a motor journey to Extremadura could be made either from Madrid, by way of Talavera de la Reina, or from Hendaye (French frontier), thence via Burgos, Valladolid, Salamanca and Banos de Montemayor to Plasencia, Caceres and Merida. If desired, the journey could continue on to Seville, which is 125 miles south of Merida. There is a good main road link. By fast train, the connection between the two cities takes about five hours; while Plasencia (on the main railway between Madrid and Lisbon) can be reached in about the same time from the capital.

THE CLOISTERS OF THE CATHEDRAL AT BADAJOZ: They were built in the fifteenth century as an addition to the cathedral erected about 1250. Badajoz is probably best known to British visitors as the scene of the siege by Wellington in 1812, which was one of the bloodiest battles of the Peninsular campaign.

USEFUL INFORMATION

There are offices of the Spanish State Tourist Department (D. G. T.) in Caceres and Badajoz, but they are probably more helpful on the spot than by correspondence. They have little literature, however, available in English. The Spanish Tourist Office, 67, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1, might be able to give general advice.

In addition to the Parador at Merida, the Hotel Alfonso VIII in Plasencia, and the Hotel Extremadura in Caceres can be recommended. In Badajoz there is the second-class Hotel Madrid, but I cannot vouch for it. Otherwise, the traveller must lodge in local inns.

A MODEL CAR PARK

Car parking is a problem in every great city, but in Brussels a new method is now in operation. In the centre of the capital, between the Bourse and the Place de Brouckère, there is "Parking 58," a fine building which can absorb 2,000 to 3,000 cars per day. These are distributed over eight floors. On arrival the motorist checks with a reception, without leaving his car, and then parks in the allotted space without further help. He descends by fast electric lift, paying the fee of 5 Belgian francs (9d.) at the exit, when it will have taken him a maximum time of only two minutes to park.

ROMAN REMAINS IN EXTREMADURA: The theatre in Merida is one of the finest Roman monuments extant in the Iberian Peninsula. The stage and the colonnades behind it are in an excellent state of preservation. Some of the marble pillars of the latter still bear the names of their masons. *On right*—The aqueduct of Los Milagros is another of the well-preserved Roman remains in Merida.

THE BEST CENTRE FOR VISITING UPPER EXTREMADURA: Girls in their provincial dress in a narrow street in Caceres add to the traditional atmosphere of this town, which is probably the best centre for those wishing to tour upper Extremadura.

TRAVEL TO THE WINTER SPORTS

One reason why you should book your winter sports holiday as early as possible is to make sure of your sleeper accommodation, if you are travelling by rail. By making reservations now, especially for the Christmas and the New Year period, you can set your mind at rest. For the first time, in addition to the couchettes which have always been available, sleeping cars will be attached to the special trains run by the principal travel agents from this country. This will undoubtedly ease the situation and make it possible for more people to enjoy a comfortable night's journey. The same agents have also combined to run chartered planes, operated day and night by Swissair and B.E.A. from Zurich. These arrangements will reduce the cost of air travel to Switzerland and Austria.

Norway has good news for the skier this winter. Five new ski-lifts have been constructed at Lillehammer, Mjolfjell, Narvik, Stranda and Trondheim. And two more are in the process of being built at Finse and Tretten.

A wonderful extension to the winter sports amenities of St. Moritz, Celerina and Pontresina is the new cable railway rising from Bernina Valley to the old Diavolezza hut situated at nearly 10,000 ft. above sea-level. From this vantage point there are a number of new exciting ski runs, one of which follows the glacier right down to Morteratsch, enabling the enthusiast to take the train back to the foot of the teleferique ready for a further dramatic descent into the valley above Pontresina. When snow conditions are not good elsewhere, they will be first-class at the top of the Diavolezza.

It is a pity that the feeder air service between Zurich airport and St. Moritz will not be revived this winter, since this unique service clipped several hours off the journey from London to the Engadine.

Anyone thinking of going to Davos will be interested in the new cable railway from Ischalp to Jakobshorn. It is not certain yet when it will be open to the public, but it is hoped that the cable car will be running in time for next season. W.D.C.C.

DEVELOPING THE MARKET FOR TITANIUM

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

"AS a metal, magnesium is inherently a poor thing that, by immense ingenuity and effort, has been made to work not very well, like the internal combustion engine ; aluminium is better to start with and, given sufficient trouble, can be turned into a reasonably good metal. But titanium is an engineer's dream." The pundit was an American, an engineering metallurgist—and a titanium manufacturer. His remark is worth quoting not because all metallurgists would accept it—they would not—but because it exemplifies the intense enthusiasm displayed by experts who have worked with this costly, newish engineering material. Less colourfully expressed, some of the same deep, intellectual commitment to titanium, and to widening its application in engineering, is to be met within Imperial Chemical Industries, which has been producing it at a full-scale plant in this country for more than two years.

Titanium is not an exceptionally light metal, not an exceptionally strong one, nor able to stand exceptionally high temperatures. Where it excels is in its combination of comparatively high marks for all three. It is about half as heavy again as aluminium but not much more than half as heavy as stainless steel. Its alloys are far stronger than those of aluminium or magnesium, and in the alloy steel class ; its performance at high temperatures cannot compare with real high-temperature alloys such as Inconel or Nimonic, but it can be used at medium temperatures quite outside the service range of other light metals and alloys. To this exceptional "strength-weight ratio" and performance at medium temperatures one may add a quite exceptional resistance to corrosion. It seems to perform quite as well in hot sea-water as it does in dry air.

Designers in many fields of engineering would find these qualities worth having ; but the fields in which it is worth having at the present price—some £5 6s. per lb. in wrought forms—are considerably fewer. This metal was hastened towards commercial production for one overriding purpose—its use in military aircraft. To-day, that primary purpose is itself being questioned, at the very moment when titanium is really being "designed into" these aircraft on a worth-while scale. In the next few years, titanium is going to need all the enthusiasm that its makers can bring to bear upon marketing it—especially in Britain.

For the radical reshaping of defence policy in Britain, tending to abandon the manned fighter and as soon as possible to move from even the manned bomber towards the guided missile, seems liable to cut away a good deal of the "market" for which titanium production, at the Government's insistence, was brought into being in this country. Almost before aircraft designers here have had sufficient experience with this metal to take full advantage of its properties, the curtailment of production orders and development contracts is removing some of their opportunities to do so. Titanium in increasing quantities seemed likely to become essential to the supersonic manned aircraft, but whether it is worth putting so expensive a material into expendable guided missiles is another question.

There remains the civil aircraft market. Here titanium is certainly being used more and more, though the cost of replacing a component in, say, stainless steel, with one of titanium that will do the job and reduce weight considerably has to be scrutinised a good deal more closely than in the design of military aircraft, where performance is more important than price.

At one time designers used titanium largely for weight-saving, to offset the almost inevitable tendency of any aeroplane, as it goes through successive stages of development, to become heavier than was originally specified. Now they are considering it as one of the metals with which they can begin. But the market for civil aircraft, bereft of the technical support that production of military planes gave the companies, is itself much riskier than it was, and makers of titanium, in any case, have always been reluctant to depend so much on just one customer.

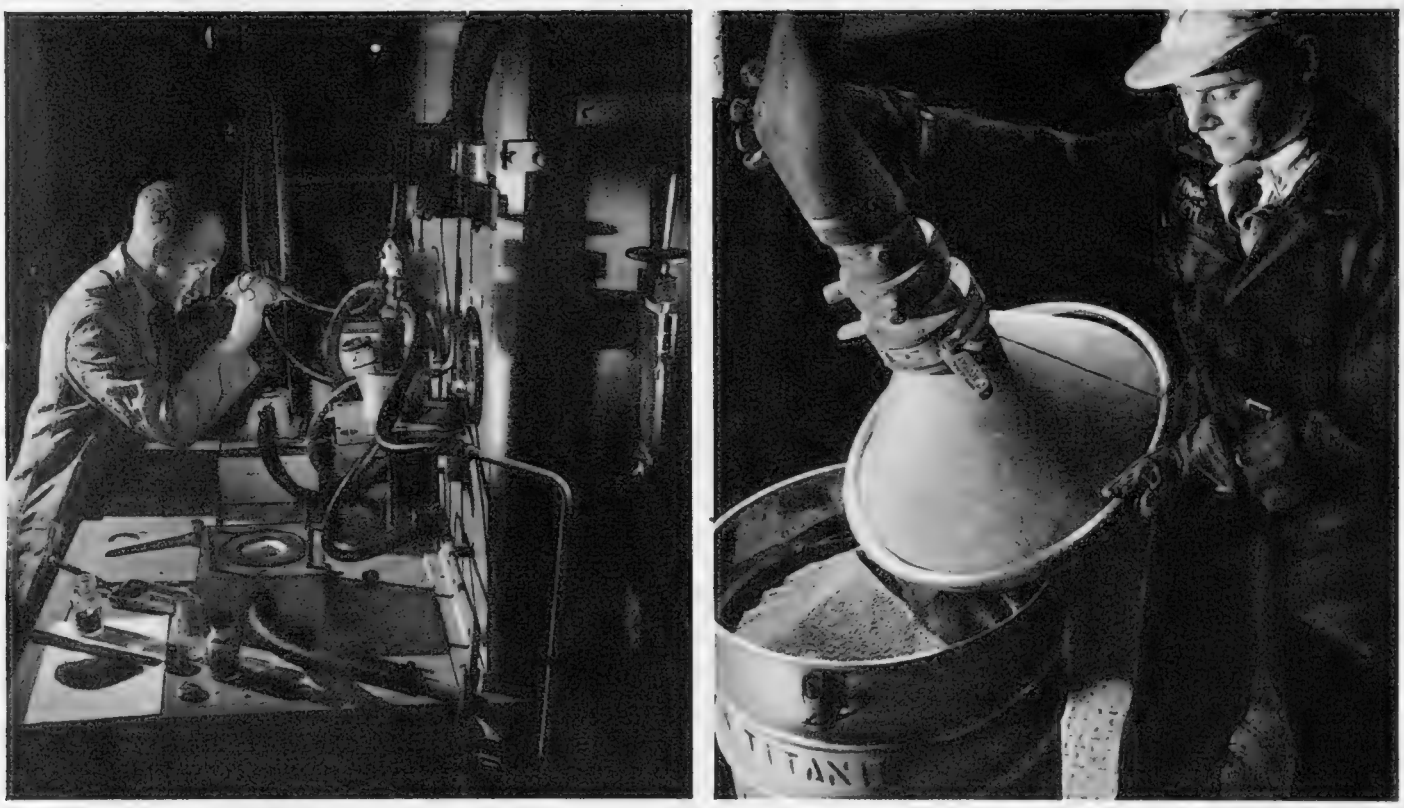
One of the fields in which the excellent corrosion resistance of this metal can be utilised is that of the process industries, where vessels may have to contain corrosive liquids at considerable temperatures and pressures. Process plant nowadays often represents so vast an investment, moreover, that one can afford very costly materials for key parts in order to ensure trouble-free operation. No doubt I.C.I., may develop many more uses of this kind. But this, too, is commercial business, not perfectionism in weapon development. There are excellent materials to do the job already in most cases, and one will have to show very marked advantages over stainless steel, for example, to make a part worth making in titanium at thirty times the price per pound.

Cost, once again, is the crux. Nobody is making high profits out of titanium ; all the manufacturers are too anxious to extend the market for the metal. The high price of this metal represents simply the fact that while titanium as a finished metal may be an engineer's dream, extracting this metal from its ores and getting it into forms that engineers can use is something of a metallurgist's nightmare. This is the reason why the metal, known since 1780 and extracted in various laboratory processes at about the turn of the century, was never commercially produced until after the last war.

Titanium occurs freely in nature as an oxide, in two major ores, ilmenite and rutile ; and this oxide, which is one of the best white pigments known for paints, has been worked for years. But there is still no way of getting the metal direct from these oxide ores. Not until 1938, when a Luxembourg metallurgist named Dr. William Kroll patented a process for chlorinating the oxide and then using another metal, magnesium, to react with the resultant chloride, was there any practical way of getting titanium metal in production quantities at all. Dr. Kroll went to America, but failed to interest industry there. However, he managed to get some support from the American Government's Bureau of Mines, which eventually set up a pilot plant to produce the metal. Even successful production at this plant did not attract much interest among potential manufacturers. But it did interest the American military forces, who were ready to back their interest with development contracts for manufacturers, direct investments, and contracts to buy the metal as soon as it could be produced.

With this backing, several American companies, began to develop the Kroll process on a production scale. It was not until 1951 that their total output of titanium "sponge"—one of the crude forms of the metal, before it is semi-fabricated into forms such as sheet and bar—could be counted in hundreds of tons : last year ingot output totalled about 10,000 tons.

The British Government was as interested as the American in such a metal for high-speed aircraft. I.C.I.'s interest in this new form of metal extraction came even earlier. It experimented first with Dr. Kroll's process, but later developed its own, using sodium instead of magnesium to reduce the titanium chloride. By the time the Government asked it to build a full-scale plant, in 1953, this new process was far enough ahead to be employed. The plant, at I.C.I.'s Wilton chemical centre on Tees-side, which came into operation at the end of August 1955, has a capacity of 1,500 tons a year. The sodium process has certain advantages over the ordinary Kroll reaction; shortly after beginning production, I.C.I. was able to quote a lower price than the American for crude titanium.



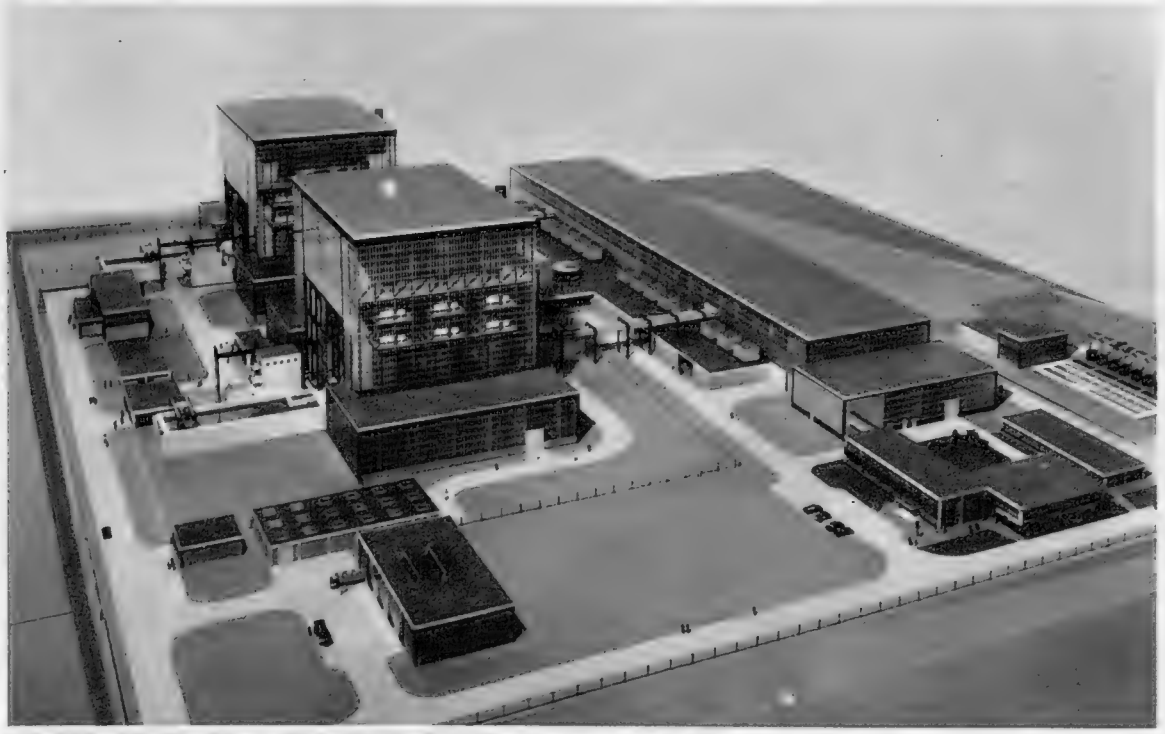
PRODUCING TITANIUM IN BRITAIN : *Left*—In the laboratory at the Wilton titanium plant of I.C.I. General Chemicals Division on Tees-side, the operator is testing raw titanium for hardness. *Right*—Raw titanium is being drawn off into drums for shipment to the metal mills. The Wilton plant of I.C.I., which came into operation just over two years ago, has a capacity of 1,500 tons of raw titanium a year.

Production of titanium was a considerable research effort for I.C.I.'s General Chemicals Division. Turning the crude "granules" of metal produced in the sodium process into finished metal products gave the company's Metals Division quite as much trouble. Titanium absorbs oxygen or nitrogen from the air so readily when molten that melting it to form ingots has to be done in inert gases or in a vacuum. Every time it is heated for forming in one way or another, impurities have to be removed. The "yield" of metal in finished form is low, and by comparison with other non-ferrous metals, titanium requires far more work from presses and rolling mills. It is here that some of the high cost is added. From time to time there have been somewhat visionary hopes of new processes of titanium extraction, for example using electrolytic processes such as are used to produce aluminium. But so far none has succeeded.

Most of the money invested in American titanium production—where military aircraft are not yet regarded as superseded and therefore the market remains large, though also uncertain—came from the United States Government in the first place. In Britain, I.C.I. received a Government guarantee to buy 75 per cent. of the output of the Wilton plant for four years, investing its own money and the time of its own scientists. The return on that investment, in the long run, is hardly in doubt, for the company and the country. It has brought Britain abreast of the most advanced techniques in the world for refining a whole class of "difficult" metals, and has provided a high-grade engineering material suited for advanced and demanding techniques in certain of Britain's "growth industries."

In short, I.C.I. is meeting a problem that foreign producers of this metal may soon have to contend with, the shrinkage of military aircraft demand. Its success in doing so will depend upon applying the same ingenuity it has used in producing this metal into finding more ways in which Britain can use it.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

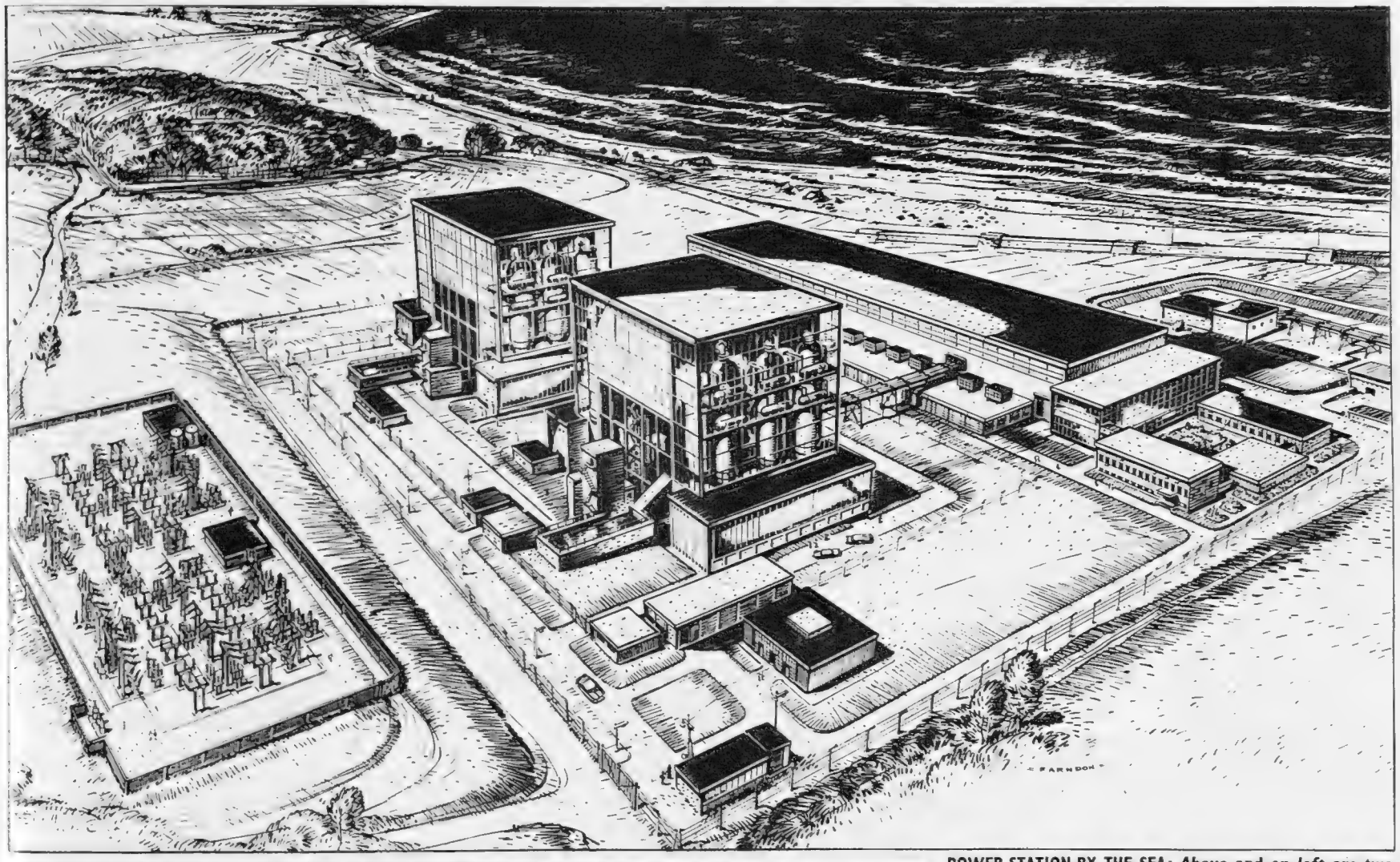


THE FIRST 500,000 KW. ATOMIC POWER STATION : The model is of the atomic power station which is to be built by the Atomic Power Projects Group of English Electric, Babcock and Wilcox, and Taylor Woodrow Construction Ltd., at Hinkley Point, in Somerset. It has been designed by the group in consultation with the Central Electricity Authority and the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority. The plant will cost £60,000,000.

BRITAIN BUILDS THE WORLD'S LARGEST ATOMIC POWER STATION

The new atomic power station which is to be built in Somerset is the largest so far projected in the world. It is sited on the coast adjacent to Hinkley Point, some nine miles north-west of Bridgwater, and to the east of the Quantock Hills. In designing the station particular attention has been paid to its appearance in relation to the setting. The site itself will occupy 25 acres, although the area is considered suitable for further development in the light of future growth of electricity demand. Hinkley Point Power Station will have a net electrical output of 500,000 kW., which is nearly seven times the capacity of Calder Hall "A," the world's first atomic power station. Although this output will be very much larger than other stations currently being built, the construction is not proportionately larger. Consequently, the cost of Hinkley Point will be some 20 per cent. less per kW. than the stations ordered earlier this year, and this will show corresponding reductions in the generating cost of electricity.

There will be two reactors and they will be of the gas-cooled graphite-moderated type which are fuelled by natural uranium. Each will consist of a 24-sided core of graphite blocks with a lattice of vertical channels containing the natural uranium fuel elements, and enclosed in a spherical pressure vessel 67 ft. in diameter. Fuel charging, which will be from the top of the reactors, is to be done on-load to allow a continuous refuelling cycle and to enable the fuel elements to be moved about to obtain the optimum performance from the reactor. Each reactor will be connected to six steam-raising units. These will be grouped in threes on each side of the reactor, and the entire twelve units, each 90 ft. high and 21 ft. 6 ins. in diameter, will generate in total over



POWER STATION BY THE SEA: *Above* and on *left* are two impressions by an artist of the power station as it will appear when completed. It is scheduled to come into operation in 1962. The station, which will be operated from a central control room, will have two reactors of the gas-cooled graphite moderated type, fuelled by natural uranium.

5,500,000 lb. of steam per hour. The units, which are of the double-pressure design originated for the Calder Hall installation, have been developed so far that each has a capacity three-and-a-half times that of a Calder Hall unit, although the height and diameter are only 20 per cent. and 25 per cent. greater respectively. The electrical power output will be generated by six 93,500 kW., 3,000 r.p.m. hydrogen-cooled turbo-alternator sets ; three 33,000 kW. variable speed turbo-alternators will supply power for the gas blowers.

For erection work on the reactor buildings, pressure vessels and steam-raising units, Babcock and Wilcox are building a huge Goliath crane which will be capable of straddling the main reactor buildings without interference. As well as the construction of the station itself, much work is required on and around the site. Some of these additional requirements—namely, parts of the access roads, have already been carried out by Taylor Woodrow. A seawall, over 2,000 ft. long, has to be constructed as well as a wharf, some six miles away.

The World of Books

CHILDHOOD AND OLD AGE

Memoirs of Early Life ; The Story of Madame Tussaud ; Romance Comes to the Sixty-year-olds ; Three Volumes of American Short Stories

IF there is still someone who believes that all there is to the art of autobiography is a methodical and, if possible, chronological setting-down of earliest memories, more recent experiences and finally the things of the present day, then he should read M. André Chamson's book A TIME TO KEEP (Faber. 30s.). This writer, a distinguished man of letters in his own country of France, has dealt here only with his boyhood and closes his story with the outbreak of the First World War, when he was just fourteen. Until then he had lived in a child's world of school, home and dimly-apprehended adult affairs, but it is a world that he remembers with more than ordinary clarity and even with an intense acuteness that his readers will appreciate.

M. Chamson was born in Nîmes but brought up in the Cévennes, that bleak region which hides its beauties rather too successfully, but has been the setting for some of the most profound of Protestant establishments. He writes with charm and as if with the eye of a painter about the countryside of his youth, but it is of people that he writes with the greatest liveliness and sympathy. The Cévennes, it seems, produces at least its proportionate share of eccentrics and some of these appear to have been in the author's immediate circle. His descriptions of them and of their far-from-banal doings are the principal attraction of a very attractive book. The translation has been made by Mr. E. de Mauny.

Mrs. Robert Henrey is another product of that most civilised and occasionally most baffling of countries. She is also adept at the autobiographical form and it is no surprise that A DAUGHTER FOR A FORTNIGHT (Dent. 18s.) should tell us quite as much about herself as about the subject of the title. By this I do not mean that Mrs. Henrey is an impossibly egotistical writer: simply that she is of that genus of writers whose personality deeply pervades every page of her books. It is therefore rather fortunate that hers should be so agreeable a nature, and one which is so capable of delight. In the present book Mrs. Henrey writes about a young French girl to whom she undertook to introduce London and, later, Edinburgh, and whom she later visited in Paris. The recital is light-hearted, affectionate and not too name-studded, and the changing background of the Normandy farm, the newspaper office and the elegant drawing-room really diverting.

I, MADAME TUSSAUD (Gollancz. 16s.) is fictional autobiography, a chancy undertaking which Sylvia Martin attacks with courage and a sound basis of research into memoirs published 120 years ago and into the letters and documents which have only recently come to light. The result, though sometimes a little self-consciously Gallic in style, is full of vitality, and the story itself is so dramatic and contains such violent contrasts that it would be scarcely possible for it to make anything but exciting reading.

The woman we think of only as the founder and animator of the most famous waxworks in the world had an extraordinary life. At the time of her death in 1850, at the age of nearly ninety, she had experienced many of the material see-saws life can offer and a great many of the emotions, always excepting peace of mind. Before her marriage she lived with the Court at Versailles and left it only at the time of the Revolution, modelling Rousseau, Voltaire and Benjamin Franklin and later Marat and Robespierre. Her husband, Tussaud, was a poor thing who never seems to have progressed beyond painting eyebrows on to the heads of the models. Before she left France for ever Madame Tussaud modelled the head of a short and unmannerly young General called Bonaparte—and told him what she thought of him. She left an immensely successful business to her sons and created an institution in her adopted city. An amazing story—often nearly incredible when one thinks that it was from the lifeless heads, just severed by the guillotine, that young Madame Tussaud made many of her wax likenesses.

The scholarly, detached style of Professor Lionel Trilling's essays in A GATHERING OF FUGITIVES (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) might come from a different world, one in which brutality has no place and action gives way to introspection. Professor Trilling, critic and don, is at Columbia University, in New York, where he lectures on nineteenth-century and contemporary English literature. The present collection of seventeen essays has its roots in literary criticism but its scope is wide and includes Monckton Milnes, of whom Henry Adams wrote that "he was a man of the world by profession"; the great artist, Delacroix, and his "free creativity"; and the American intellectual at the present time. He writes with humour and his own kind of logic and, more essentially, he writes to be read.

An absurd literary convention holds that love and falling in love (and staying in it—if there is such a phrase) is only for the young. This week there are three novels to contest the point and the first of these is Mr. Cecil Roberts' story of a distinguished musician, composer and conductor, who at the age of sixty falls happily and idyllically in love with an American girl who pursues him, captures him, disappears and, two years later, turns up to marry him. LOVE IS LIKE THAT (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is not, however, wholly concerned with this April-October romance but gives a candid and compassionate picture of the life of elderly English expatriates on the Italian Riviera. The novel also sketches in the affairs, odd, passionate and tormented, that many of the members of the little colony have known and survived. A book of great understanding from one of the subtlest of novelists.

CELEBRATING A NEW RECORD FOR THE LONDON THEATRE: In a London restaurant Miss Agatha Christie is toasted by members of her family—her husband, Professor Mallowan; her grandson, Mathew Prichard, and her daughter, Mrs. Rosalind Hicks. They were celebrating the 1,998th performance of Miss Christie's play *The Mousetrap*, at the Duchess Theatre, which had just passed the previous longest run for a straight play in London (made by Noël Coward's *Blithe Spirit*).

OUT OF THE NIGHT (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) is on the surface, a story of mountaineering just as Mr Roberts' novel is a gentle survey of old English people living modestly in a sunny corner of the world. Mr Hugh Merrick has written about a man of sixty-eight who, having tragically lost his children and the wife who used to accompany him on his climbs, returns to a village on the southern side of Mont Blanc and attempts a fairly conservative climb. Demonstrably, Mr. Merrick knows a great deal about the climbing of mountains and, from the evidence of this novel, he also has the wit and perception to fathom the problems of those who are left behind by the people they love. The combination is exciting and touching, just when and where one could have hoped it would be.

As for Professor Pnin (pronounced "P'neen"), he is an amiable and elderly Russian on the faculty of a small American college who would be amazed to hear that he was either eccentric or pathetic. That he is both, and immensely likable as well, is due to his author, Mr Vladimir Nabokov, who has written about him gently but without whimsy, and clearly, without malice. PNIN (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.) is not the kind of book about which one could confidently say that it would be everybody's cup of tea but, to the people who do discover it for themselves, it is likely to become a minor source of joy. Pnin, too, is over fifty.

There are times, climates and occasions when nothing suits the reader so well as a volume of really good and diversified short stories. Here, then, are four such collections from which to choose. GAZOOKA (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) opens with a very short novel and includes twelve other stories by Mr. Gwyn Thomas, all of them bursting at the seams with his particular interpretation of the Welsh genius. At his funniest he is very funny indeed and he can be touching, though lines like "... he was bending over her with an arrogance of assertive wanting that rebuked the timidities which seamed our hills," can be a trifle overwhelming.

THE CITY OF THE LIVING (Hammond. 12s. 6d.) contains eight short stories by the American author, Mr Wallace Stegner, who writes about his own country, or France or Egypt, but first and always about the human beings in those places who have much more in common than the mutual understanding of speech could give them. By any standards, national or literary, this is a distinguished writer, and that in spite of his passion for the hyphened word: "ton-heavy . . . light-footed . . . spider-braced." Incidentally, the story that contains these phrases, "Field Guide to the Western Birds," is quite the best of the bunch.

PARTLY SUBMERGED (Methuen. 15s.) is a set of nine stories of considerable charm by Mr. Ben Masselink and all of them are concerned with the sea and the beach either in California, Hawaii or somewhere in the South Pacific. The author writes about young people as if he saw them clear and, what is more, liked what he saw. His ability to convey the weather and the moods of the ocean is something quite special.

Mr. Calvin Kentfield has written one long and nine short stories in THE ANGEL AND THE SAILOR (Gollancz. 15s.). He is another American author imaginative, sardonic and forceful. These little tales, too, are at their most effective when they are concerned with children, their private fantasies, their fears and secret joys.

Vernon Fane

At the Battle of Jutland, Alexander Riall Wadham Woods was Signals Officer to the Admiral of the Grand Fleet, Sir John Jellicoe. For his courageous conduct in this action he was awarded the D.S.O. He remained in the Navy until 1931, when he retired with the rank of Vice-Admiral. He then took Holy Orders and, until his death a few years ago, was a priest in the East End of London, notably as Chaplain of the Red Ensign Club in Whitechapel. Such are the bare facts of his life. In an obituary notice it was stated that Admiral Woods received at Jutland an "interposed message" telling him to serve God. This has led Arthur Calder-Marshall to write NO EARTHLY COMMAND (Hart-Davis. 21s.), which he calls an enquiry into the life of the Admiral-clergyman. Mr. Calder-Marshall is one of the few living English authors with a sense of style, and anything he writes is worth reading. His latest book is more than a biography : it is also autobiographical in the sense that it is concerned with the manner in which he himself was led by a study of Woods' life to reconsider his own religious position. It is a most sincere *Apologia*, but it has to be said that Mr. Calder-Marshall does not seem altogether clear about the structure of the Established Church, the correct designation of its dignitaries and the fact that within the Anglican Communion are many opinions, the High Church section expressing only one of them.

An outstanding social document, the product of intense research and deep sympathy with the island people, is Fernando Henriques' JAMAICA (MacGibbon and Kee. 25s.). Here the author attempts to highlight important aspects of everyday life past and present. Sexual behaviour, family customs, the intricacies of the colour situation, are all examined in a work that only a Jamaican could have written and which reveals a great love of his own people.

ADMIRAL AND CLERGYMAN

The Strange Life of The Rev. Alexander Woods

A racing journalist is expected to tip winners. But this is only one of his many duties and a small part of the contribution he can and does make to the everyday life of the Turf. Not least, perhaps, is the fair, unbiased commentary upon a day's racing which the Turf correspondent can give. It can earn the respect of the whole racing fraternity because it is based on a full knowledge of training methods, race-riding and tactics. Perhaps pre-eminent among racing journalists is Meyrick Good, who, as the chief racing reporter of the *Sporting Life*, has seen fifty-eight Derbys and many other dramas of the Turf through a long period of time. His book THE LURE OF THE TURF (Odhams. 21s.) is an exciting story reflecting the highlights of his experience. In the foreword Lord Rosebery pays a glowing tribute to Mr. Good and all that he has done for racing. The author's commentaries on jockeyship are brilliantly incisive, and he has some grand tales of great racing coups, of gamblers with the Midas touch, such as Charles Hannam, whose minimum bet on any race was £1,000 and whose yearly turnover often exceeded £2,000,000. Bob Sievier is another rich and rare character who adorns these pages with his braggadocio, flamboyance and openhandedness. At one time Sievier used to say that the more he had on a horse the greater the number of lengths it won by. These lucky years had only one effect—they made the road to ruin a bit longer; nevertheless, it was certainly a road Sievier travelled with a gay heart. There is much else besides in this excellent book, and let us hope Meyrick Good is already at work on a further instalment.

THE LORD PROTECTOR

I subscribe to the opinion that a biographer, though determined to be impartial, should as far as possible make a hero of his subject. With public men, prejudice lives long and distorts the fair picture. Fifty years may be enough to dissipate the fogs of controversy in most cases. Three hundred are too few in Cromwell's case, as they will be in the case of "Butcher" Cumberland and Hitler. There is the matter of the killing of the King and of the Irish massacres. These matters will never come to "please all the people all the time." But THE GREATNESS OF OLIVER CROMWELL (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.), by Maurice Ashley, is a clear and exciting book. The author has fairly toned down some of the warts, and in an oft-told tale has given us a picture of a great man in his time, with the parts of a Washington rather than of a Napoleon, a man greater and more versatile than Pym; a man sometimes humble and often diffident, but strong and unvarying when he had reached decision, and never thirsting for personal power or a slave to ambition. As a military leader, it is worth noting how long he took rather than gave orders, far longer than did Napoleon. The book suggests to me that at the end of his life, the prestige of England, for which he had worked, came to its fullness even as his grip on events relaxed.

He was ill and unhappy and his old diffidence returned, and with it his control over public and private matters. His death left few people in doubt—none among his family and friends—that a great Englishman had passed. His passing stunned them into silence. Posterity brought back the fogs of controversy. Mr. Ashley has given us the finished and smoother version of Cooper's Buccleuch miniature of Cromwell, and the smoother version is probably the truest likeness of this great man's character.

LIBERAL ELDER STATESMAN

Alive or dead, the biography of a public man who played a part in historic events, if well written from all available sources of information, is invariably interesting to read. In the case of politicians, I usually find that the chief interest is supplied by the interplay of the characters of the subject and his contemporary protagonists. The historic events in which he took part often shrivel to dry bones, the clash of personalities remains vivid and enthralling. Such is the case with VISCOUNT SAMUEL, by John Bowle (Gollancz. 30s.). Lord Samuel was a far-sighted, courageous Home Secretary, a strong and successful proconsul, a Liberal leader who (Mr. Bowle is less lucid here) did his best to save a great Party. Above all, he has shone as an elder statesman whose utterances on current problems have had the authority of Bertrand Russell's. He has been the best friend of historians and of the truths of history, for he kept all his life the most careful and exact notes of his part in the events he was concerned in, and the information he supplied to historians has never varied. The formation of the National Government at the end of the 1920s and the advice he gave King George V is a case in point. The information he gave to me in 1940, later to Harold Nicolson and to others, varied no whit from that given in the present book from his own notes and autobiography. The event has shrunk in importance, the clash of personalities is as fresh as ever. So it is that his value to me is strongest in his phase as elder statesman and in the expression of his opinions on many subjects from the store of a long and wide experience. I should like to hear him on the Wolfenden Report. I cite some remarks he made in a speech in the Lords on November 4, 1953: he spoke of the decline in moral standards in every department of life, of the increase in crimes of violence, contempt of marriage sanctity, the rifeness of the vices of Sodom, the cult of irresponsibility. He warned the nation of the inevitable end of the poisoning of the moral sense. Mr. Bowle has worthily treated a fine and noble subject. **John Gore**

"Greston" hides the name of a real Oxfordshire village. Round the life of Greston and a fictional family Wilfrid Robertson has built the story of THE VILLAGE BY THE STONES (Phœnix House. 12s. 6d.). He bestrides the 2,000 years of its history, using the known facts and topographical features and only a little intelligent guesswork to build up a most entertaining and instructive picture.

EAST FROM TUNIS (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) is dedicated to Herodotus of Halicarnassus, who travelled the northern coast of Africa over 2,000 years ago. Richard Carrington has followed in the footsteps of the great geographer-historian through Carthage and Kairouan, Sousse, Sfax, and Gabes, and on to Leptis Magna, Benghazi and Cyrene. He is a first-rate guide and has brought back from his travels a series of pictures that lend emphasis to the text.

BEARS IN MY KITCHEN (Hutchinson. 15s.) is a funny, warm-hearted story of a city girl who married a U.S. Ranger. The bears made their appearance on the author's wedding night, but she quickly adapted herself to her husband's adventurous mode of life and writes delightfully of her experiences often in most remote parts of the American continent.

R. C. E.

CHINESE CLASSICAL THEATRE IN LONDON

PLAYERS FROM FORMOSA: *Left, above*—Wei Hsi-fu in the part of a boatman and Hsu Lu as a village maiden in *The Lady Warrior* at the Drury Lane Theatre in London. *Above*—Chao Yu-Ching is the Lady Warrior and Shen Su-Chien is One of Her Generals. They are members of the Chinese Classical Theatre of Formosa. *The Lady Warrior* concerns a warrior Queen who leads her forces in a naval and a land battle against the invading Tartars and defeats them. The cast, in magnificent costumes, convey the scenes of combat in fast rhythmic movements.

On left—

MONKEY AND MONSTER: Chin-Chu, playing the Monkey King, is attacked by Huang Yin (the Water Monster) in a scene in *Outwitting the Water Monster*. Fights of many kinds and a great variety of acrobatics make up much of this piece in the repertoire of the Chinese Classical Theatre at Drury Lane. There are also numerous battles in another of the plays, *The Death of Yen Liang*, which is concerned with the ambitions and rivalries of War Lords.

Two years ago London saw for the first time the Chinese Classical Theatre of Peking. Now the Chinese Classical Theatre of Formosa has come to Drury Lane for a season which ends in two weeks' time. According to the programme notes several members of the company were in Peking until 1949 when they left Communist China for the Nationalists in Formosa. This possibly explains why there is really very little to choose between the performances of the Peking and the Formosa players. Both reach a very high standard and are gorgeously dressed in costumes which are established in their design by a centuries-old convention. For instance, the wearer of a yellow robe embroidered with dragons must be a king. A general has a cluster of flags ornamenting the back of his garment. Both companies depend for their effect upon rhythmic movements carried out at great speed and often amounting to acrobatics.

In the Formosa Theatre's repertoire *The Death of Yen Liang* concerns rival War Lords and depicts the battles between them. *The Lady Warrior* is a spectacular play in which the central figure is a kind of Chinese Boadicea. One piece which was also in the programme of the Peking Theatre is the drama of the innkeeper who tries to murder a guest. It culminates in an amazingly acrobatic stage fight.

MAKE-UP OF GREAT DETAIL: Chin-Chu (The Monkey King) helps Huang Yin (the Water Monster) prepare for the stage in *Outwitting the Water Monster* at Drury Lane. The traditional make-up is often very detailed.

MECHANICAL HOP PICKING

Two Hundred Hand-Pickers are Replaced by a Machine and Twenty-one Workers

Many city-dwellers habitually take a holiday in the country each year by going to work as pickers on hop farms in Kent and other nearby counties. However, it seems that this pleasant custom may not last for much longer, as more and more hop-growers are installing machines to do the work. One such machine, of which pictures are seen on this page, can replace 200 hand-pickers with twenty-one workers. It is claimed that the machine picks the hops from their bines—the stems on which they grow—more cheaply than manual labourers and is just as clean and efficient.

Bines are picked in bulk from the hop plants and are taken to the machine on trailers towed by tractors. The ends of the stems are attached to blunt hooks on a moving belt which conveys them into the machine, where the fruit is stripped from them. After the fruit has been stripped it is carried on another belt past women sorters who pick out all foreign matter from it. Then the belt takes the hops directly into the oasts, no handling or carting being necessary. One great advantage of this mechanical system is that the harvest can be gathered in all weathers, whereas hand-pickers do not generally work in the rain. The machine can pick about 3,000 or 4,000 bushels an hour; the exact quantity picked varies according to the amount of fruit on the bines.

PICKING HOPS BY MODERN METHODS: A small boy looks on as pickers load a trailer, towed by a tractor, with a mass of hop bines at a farm in Yalding, Kent. The bines, or stems, which bear the hops, are conveyed into an automatic picker by means of blunt hooks on a moving-belt system. Inside the machine the bines are stripped of fruit.

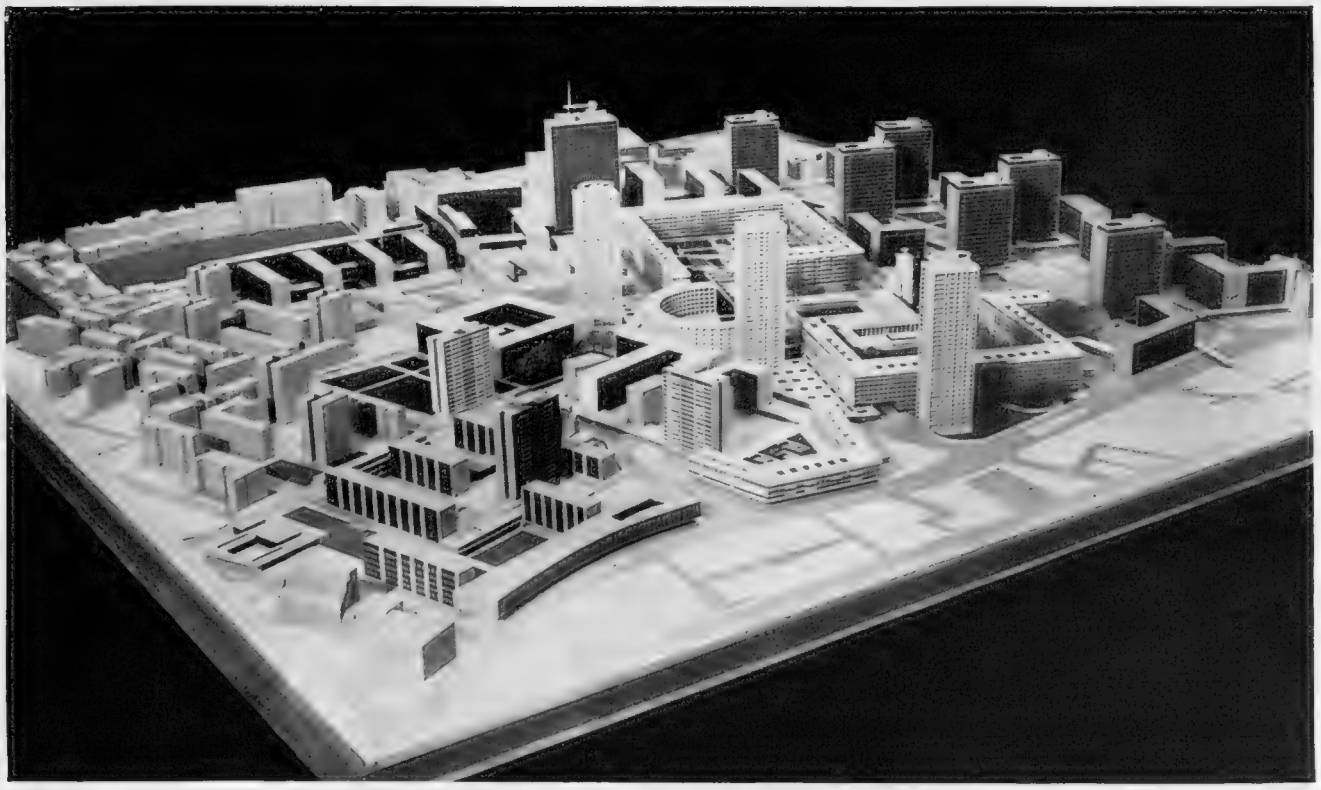
THE UNLOADING BAY: Workers feed the bines on to the U-shaped belt system above them. Blunt hooks which are suspended from it catch the bines and convey them to the picking machine. A great advantage of this mechanised system is that it can be used in all weathers, whereas hand-pickers often do not work in the rain.

LOADING THE BINES ON TO THE CONVEYER SYSTEM: The woman feeding the bines on to the belt does not have to lift them; she merely attaches their ends to the hooks. Another worker guides them into the machine. The cost of picking hops by this automatic system is reported to be much lower than that of hand-picking.

On right—

A MANUAL PART OF THE PROCESS: After the hops have been picked six women comb the fruit for foreign matter. With the help of the mechanical processes, twenty-one workers, including the tractor-drivers, replace 200 hand-pickers. Additionally, picking by machine is very much quicker than picking by hand. It is stated to be as clean as the conventional method.

DUMPING THE STRIPPED BINES: The driver of this tractor and lift has to work hard continually taking the bines to the rubbish-heap after they have been stripped. The whole process requires four tractors for the loads and to dispose of the waste.



BOMB-DAMAGED BARBICAN: St. Giles Church, in the right foreground, stands among twenty-five acres of the City of London which were devastated by incendiary bombing in December 1940. The committee set up by the City Corporation has recommended that ten acres of bomb-damaged land to the north of the area should be treated separately from the "South Barbican" area.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Models of New Buildings in Three Countries

On left—

A PLAN FOR A RESIDENTIAL AREA IN THE CITY OF LONDON: The model is of an ambitious project for the rebuilding of the war-damaged Barbican district of the City. It would contain 2,243 flats, several open spaces, an open-air theatre, schools and shops, and would be planned from the focal-point of the Church of St. Giles Cripplegate, which would be restored from its wartime damage. The church is seen behind the skyscraper in the right foreground. The Court of Common Council of the City of London considered last week a report from its special committee on the development of the area of about twenty-five acres, which is bounded by Barbican on the north, Aldersgate on the west, London Wall on the south and Moorgate Station on the east. It was suggested that this district should be developed as "a genuine residential area." The development, which would cost approximately £17,000,000 and take seven years to complete, has been designed by the architects Chamberlin, Powell and Bon. It is the City's reply to the controversial project, planned by the "New Barbican Committee," which was last year rejected by the City Corporation and by the then Minister of Housing, Mr. Duncan Sandys. The grounds for rejection stated that the project contained too many commercial buildings which would have increased the number of people travelling to the City each day. According to the recommendations now before the Corporation, a further ten acres north of Barbican should be developed at a somewhat later stage in such a way that they would be linked with the proposed residential neighbourhood and with the L.C.C.'s projects for development around the City. "South Barbican" would be chiefly residential and if the recommendations are carried out it would house middle and higher income groups. The report stated that the Corporation would not be justified in using public money for the provision of a large scale area of dwelling-places without first assessing potential demand. Recommendations were made that detailed prospectuses of the types of accommodation be made available.

A FUTURISTIC DESIGN FOR THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION: Steel and glass are the chief materials in this model for the Pavilion of the City of Paris for the Brussels Exhibition, which will open in the spring of next year. The pavilion will cover about 9,000 sq. ft. It is the work of the French architect Guillaume Gillet. One of its chief features will be a restaurant, where some of the leading chefs of France will provide the menus, consisting of famous and rare French dishes.

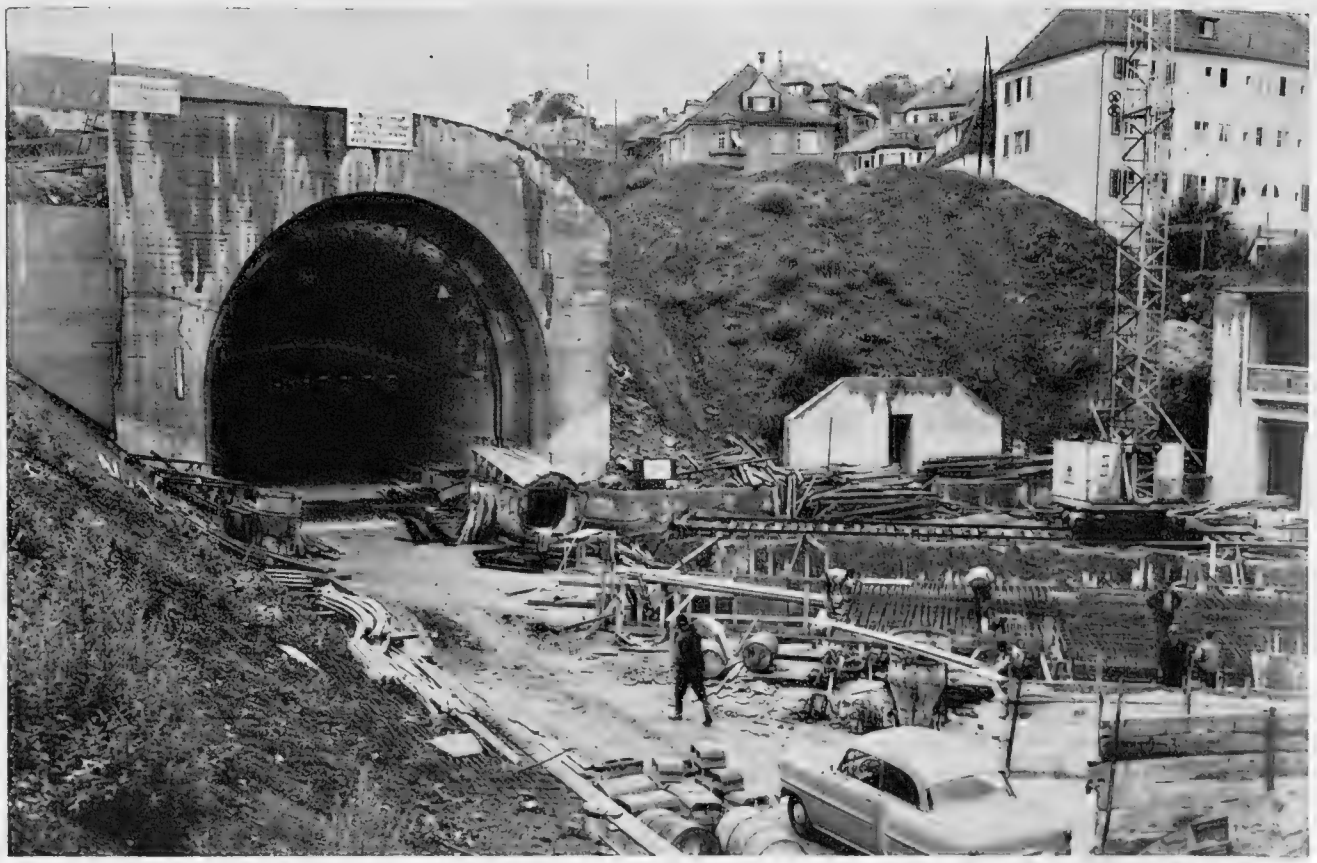
A SKYSCRAPER NEAR THE FRANCO-GERMAN BORDER: A tower of offices and flats, twenty-three storeys high, dominates modern buildings in the model of reconstruction work which is being carried out in the centre of the French town of Mulhouse, which lies between Colmar and Basle, not far from the French border with Germany.

TUNNELLED AND ELEVATED HIGHWAYS

Improvements for Motorists in Germany and Switzerland

Below—

AN UNDERGROUND BY-PASS IN BAVARIA: Work progresses on a road tunnel to pass underneath the outskirts of Harburg, which is situated at the narrowest part of the passage of the Wörnitz through the Jura. It will be 300 yards long and the main feature of the new by-pass which will dispense with the necessity for motorists to climb the steep, main road through the town. Before reaching the tunnel, traffic will cross a valley by a new bridge which will be some 250 yards long. However, there will probably be many who still will stop to visit this charming small Bavarian community with its picturesque old houses and the Harburg itself. The latter is a castle which dates from the end of the thirteenth century and has baroque additions. It houses the art collection of the Princes of Oettingen-Wallerstein.



WEST GERMANY'S LONGEST ROAD TUNNEL: One of the entrances of the construction being undertaken on the outskirts of Stuttgart, in the south of Federal Germany. The tunnel when finished will be 902 yards in length. Its purpose is to take traffic from the centre of the busy city on the Neckar to the eastern outskirts. The underground structure was originally built as an air-raid shelter during the war. In 1954 a start was made on its adaptation as an underground highway. A special type of ventilator is being fitted to keep the atmosphere free from exhaust fumes, and lighting will be provided by more than 1,000 neon lamps, which will be so controlled that the light inside the tunnel will correspond as near as is possible with the light outside. This should protect drivers from eyestrain or temporary "blindness" when entering or leaving. It is estimated that 2,300 cars will be able to pass through in both directions in one hour. Eventually a parallel tunnel is planned, so that the volume of traffic can be greatly increased by a one-way system. The tunnel now under construction should be completed by next summer at a cost of around £1,100,000.

Below—

A NEW WINTER HIGHWAY IN SWITZERLAND: A concrete structure is nearing completion on the side of a steep cliff in the Swiss National Park between Zernez and Santa Maria, in the Münstertal. It is being built above the old road and is designed to be free from snow-drifts.

OLD AND NEW ROADS: The concrete props are bedded in the old road dug in the side of the cliff between Zernez and Santa Maria. The roof above, also of concrete, carries on its upper surface the new winter road.

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I HATE BANGS. Supersonic, gun-fire, thunder, and the varied explosions that one associates with Guy Fawkes Day.

Some noises I enjoy, as, for example, the blackbird who warns me that our neighbour's cat is hunting on our preserves; the moaning note of the Owers Lightship, a warning to mariners and a reminder of how fortunate I am to be snug in my own bed; and the click of the front gate in the morning which tells me the postman has arrived.

I particularly look forward to my morning mail at this time of the year, for the enquiries are so varied. For some, I have the answer on the tip of my tongue, but for others I have to get out my thinking cap.

Now is the time to repair the depletions in one's rose-beds and a lady has written asking where she can stay in Rugby so that she can visit a well-known rose-grower. In this case, the answer is easy—The Grand Hotel. It is not grand in the sense that one visualises some of our seaside hotels of that appellation. It has but thirty-three bedrooms, but the hotel has two outstanding advantages. Mr. G. C. S. Ryan and his French wife have a profound knowledge of food and wine (The Grand, Rugby, is one of the few A.A.-appointed hotels awarded a rosette for food), and one can have a clean, comfortable and well-appointed bedroom free from the bangs of car and lorry backfires, and the shunting of railway trucks, an important point in a town which is such a rail and road centre.

The next enquirer was a lady dentist who is coming to London to practise and requires a residential hotel. She has seen many and finds them all depressing. What do I suggest? she asks. So much in an enquiry of this kind depends on the temperament of the enquirer, and reading between the lines of her letter, I am of the opinion that she is going to be very much happier in Service Rooms, and though these are outside the scope of my normal discoveries, I was glad to be able to recommend and give her one address.

Why do so many spinsters, widows and widowers with limited incomes elect to live so uncomfortably in Kensington, Bayswater, and other parts of London when there are so many charming hotels in the country who would welcome a limited number of winter residents to help keep the hotel fires burning and a full key staff employed from October to March.

Two correspondents, who in previous years had wintered in London, wrote asking for suggestions where they would find the maximum amount of sun and an entire absence of smog. To each I wrote advocating that small, genial area of South Devon which lies between the Axe and the Exe. In this area, Sidmouth for years has never diminished in favour as a winter resort. For its population it probably offers a higher percentage of good-class hotels of varying size and amenities than any other part in Britain. The 56-bedroom Belmont is a fine example of that type of family hotel which is all too rare nowadays. For years and years the Fitzgerald family have been, and are still, the mainspring, catering for those cultured people who have always been accustomed to gracious surroundings, courteous service and the best in food and wine. So, if you are blessed with a good income, a comfortable winter home is assured at The Belmont at reduced winter terms.

For those who like the atmosphere created by dance band and cocktail bar, The Victoria Hotel will appeal. Indeed, they not only offer some most attractive and competitive winter terms for a limited number, but also offer all the facilities of a first-class hotel, viz.: menus of plentiful choice, the willing services of their permanent staff, self-controlled wireless programmes in their bedrooms, the right to participate in such dances and other entertainment that they may arrange.

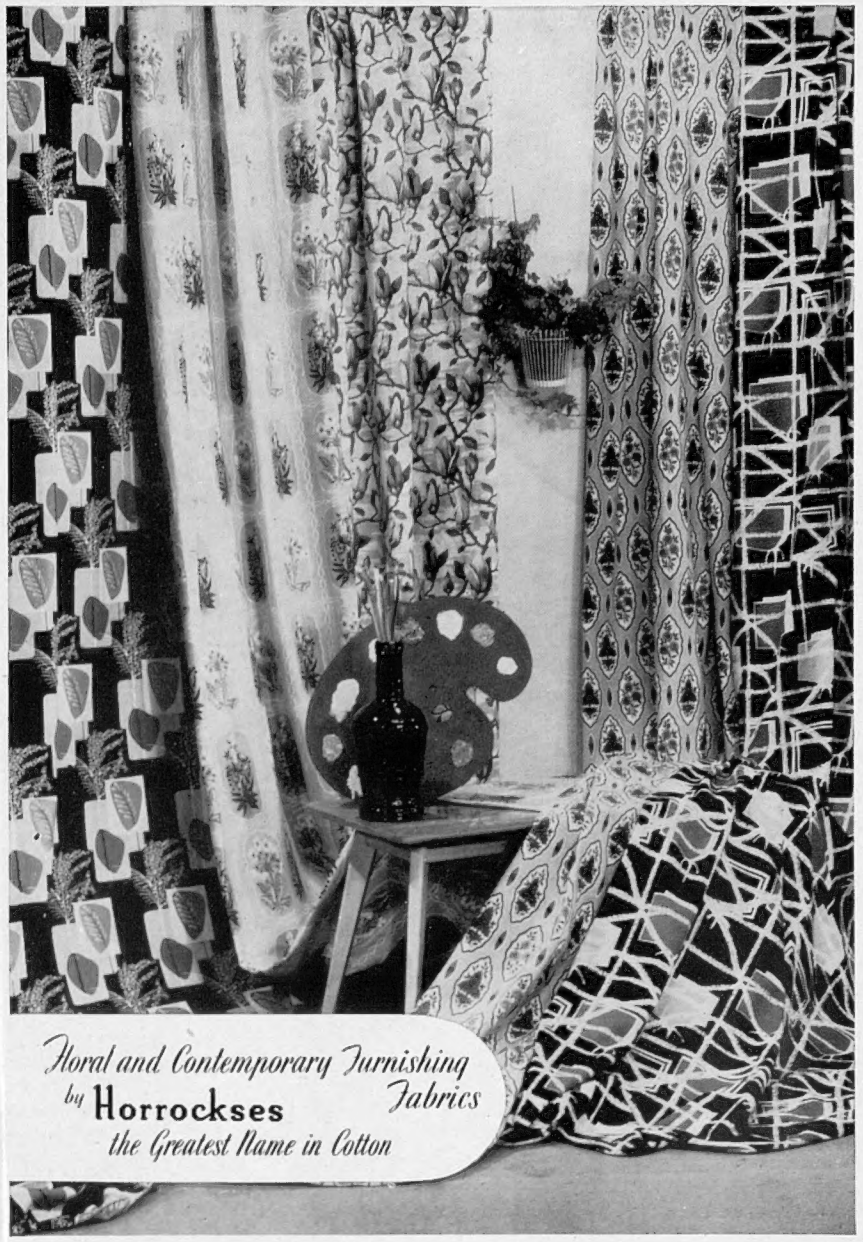
Of Sidmouth's smaller hotels, I have personal knowledge of three all much sought after the whole year round. Cedar Shade Hotel, where one lives as if a member of a small country-house party, well cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Strachan Lund, and their home-trained staff. The Royal Glen, a pretty historically interesting Georgian house standing in a sheltered position within sight of the sea. Here the resident owner, Mrs. W. Martin, has for a number of years built up an all-season clientele appreciative of restful comfort and quietly located. Finally, the Torbay Hotel, owned and personally supervised by Mrs. Sanders, and again admirably situated close to the sea-front and on the level for shopping. Good food, scrupulous cleanliness and an obvious wish that everything possible shall be done for the comfort of the visitors are the three cardinal points which form the basis of Torbay's high reputation.

Reverting to bangs, quite a percentage of my post at this season of the year is taken up with Christmas enquiries. Some seem to want all the noise going from jazz bands to crackers, others seek more the old-fashioned type of Christmas where there is no organised programme. It is always difficult to advise on the former, for so many hotels with Christmas programmes are largely booked up by the same people year after year, but for those looking for such places, here is a brief list:

BOURNE HALL HOTEL, COURTLANDS HOTEL, Boscombe	..	Bournemouth
IMPERIAL, GRAND, and all the leading hotels	..	Torquay
THE BERESFORD, Birchington	..	Kent
HOTEL IMPERIAL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS SPA, etc.	..	Hythe

Then for a Birmingham enquirer I gave him the following:

PETWOOD HOTEL	..	Woodhall Spa, Lincs.
WHATELY HALL HOTEL	..	Banbury.
INGOLDISTHORPE MANOR	..	Ingoldisthorpe, near Sandringham, Norfolk
KING'S HEAD	..	Cirencester, Glos.
LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL	..	Lake Vyrnwy, Mon.



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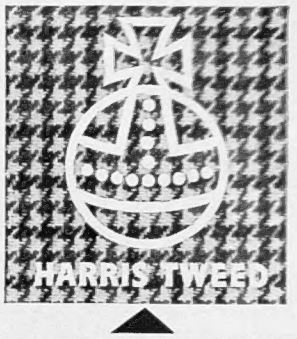

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By Appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen
Wine Merchants
Geo. G. Sandeman
Sons & Co. Ltd.

Which

SANDEMAN SHERRY

will you have?

DRY *Apitiv:* a superb dry pale fino—21/- a bottle

MEDIUM *Amontillado:* a medium dry sherry—21/- a bottle

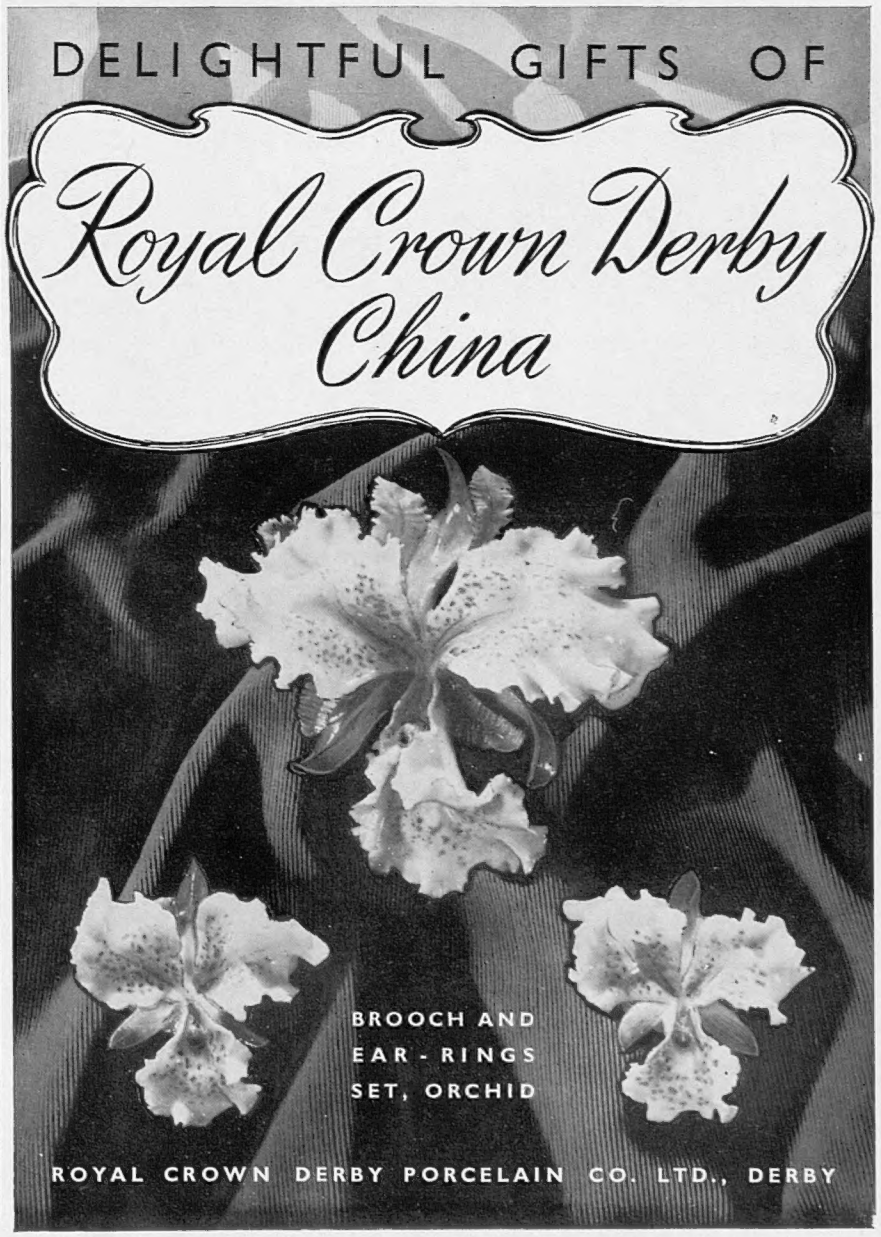
RICH *Brown Bang:* a beautiful full golden Oloroso—23/- a bottle

From the finest vineyards in Jerez, Spain, other Sandeman sherries are available from 19/- a bottle.

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD., 20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

DELIGHTFUL GIFTS OF

Royal Crown Derby China



ROYAL CROWN DERBY PORCELAIN CO. LTD., DERBY

EVENING — and one by one men are turning out the lights on their working day. Tonight, quietly at home or gaily abroad, they are once again husbands, hosts, friends among friends. Those who have learned to savour each moment of their leisure hours will crown contentment with a glass (or two) of **Dewar's "White Label".**

It never varies

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